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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. **THE** papers this day week were, as might be expected, full of Gladstonian exultation and Unionist explanation over Mr. MORLEY's success at Newcastle, the successful candidate himself issuing from the Valley of Humiliation and exalting his horn considerably. After a not undue amount of crowing over this incident a certain peace settled on the land. Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY made a good beginning of his Postmastership by declining flatly to reinstate persons dismissed by his predecessor for gross insubordination. But Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON has blown the trumpet in the pages of the *Fortnightly* about "setting foot on the necks of the Unionists," about the almost unbelievable excellence of the London County Council, and about the wicked House of Lords. It is a pity that Mr. HARRISON should not, for the benefit of a grossly forgetful generation, have given fully the origin of his receipt for neutralizing the House of Lords, by calling up a "regiment of Lifeguardsmen," which, though brilliant, is not original. It is the copyright of that immaculate politician, my Lord SUNDERLAND, who said it to MARLBOROUGH, then Lord CHURCHILL, when JAMES II. was trying to force Roman Catholics into office. The omen of Mr. HARRISON's borrowed jest is thus not happy.—The advisableness of petitioning against Mr. MORLEY's return was still under consideration on Wednesday, when Mr. LABOUCHERE printed some more documents respecting that exclusion from office which seems to rankle rather strangely, considering his indifference to such gauds. The documents themselves, however, were rather disappointing. They contained, as was to be expected, an absolute assumption of responsibility, and sole responsibility, from Mr. GLADSTONE, on which Mr. LABOUCHERE has characteristically founded a more positive ascription than ever of responsibility to somebody else. They contained some rather nauseous flattery of Mr. GLADSTONE from Mr. LABOUCHERE, and the only thing of much interest in the whole was a very amusing certificate of disinterestedness to Mr. LABOUCHERE from Mr. GLADSTONE, in the place of the other certificate of which we heard so much, as demanded by "the emissary." Of "the emissary" himself, and the remarkable transaction on which Mr. LABOUCHERE had previously been so

eloquent, we heard nothing more; he and it had completely "goned afay." And in Mr. LABOUCHERE's own comments on the whole proceeding there was nothing of any sparkle, except a passably lively piece of impudence in the description of the vulgar and venomous lampoons with pen and pencil with which he has for years past bespattered the Royal Family as "genial banter." Meanwhile, in Hawarden Park, on Tuesday, Mr. LABOUCHERE was avenged unexpectedly: for Mr. GLADSTONE nearly fell a victim to an enraged cow, but not quite. Mr. ASQUITH, like an honest man, has begun paying the wages of the late election. He has consented to reopen the question of the dynamiters' sentences; and has struck out two clauses of the by-laws by which Eastbourne, the unhappy, is endeavouring to secure for herself some faint measure of protection against the Salvation rowdies. Like an honest man we say; whether altogether like a wise one time will show.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Most of the foreign news of last Saturday, as well as much of the home intelligence, concerned the cholera, its progress, and the precautions taken against it. Much of the trouble seemed to be due to the old fatal folly (of endeavouring to conceal the fact of the disease) into which the Hamburg authorities fell. The most elaborate precautions were being taken at the British ports most exposed to infection.—On Monday some Indian news, not of much importance, arrived, with details of the sad death of Mr. NETTLESHIP, of the burning of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and other minor matters.—On Tuesday morning the cholera was reported as slowly spreading in Germany. A fresh "factor," as some say, was introduced into the everlasting silver question by a dispute among the Australian colonies as to the privilege of coining that troublesome metal. In Morocco the SULTAN's troops had got the better of the rebels; and there were rumours, not only that China had taken a firm line with the Russians in the Pamir question, but that explanations were likely to be forthcoming to Great Britain also. Unluckily the pigeon-holes are full of explanations—there is room for no more. The trial of the Marquis DE MORES for the killing of Captain MAYER in a duel was in full progress in France.—It was not surprising to learn on Wednesday morning that M. DE MORES had been acquitted;

indeed, from the French point of view, the result could hardly have been otherwise, as he was unquestionably inferior in skill to his opponent, and the absurd charge of having used swords fifty grammes heavier than that opponent would have liked could scarcely, after M. VIGEANT'S evidence, be supported. Some more news came from Afghanistan and the Pamir, and there were fresh Labour troubles in America.—On Thursday morning a state of things was reported from Hamburg suited to make the German EMPEROR sigh after the time when certain of his ancestors would, in his place, have acquainted the authorities of that ancient town with the interior of a gaol, if not with the front view of a line of rifles. As far as can be seen, the whole of Northern Europe has to thank these persons' neglect at first, and their mismanagement after, for the risk it is running.—The hearts of those women who long for suffrage were cheered by the news that it has been accorded in New Zealand, which will now accompany Wyoming as a shining example in their speeches.—There had been hard fighting in Afghanistan with the Hazaras, who were said to have been defeated by the AMEER'S troops, but with heavy loss. On the Indo-Afghan frontier British troops had been ordered up to the Gomul Valley.—The Mombasa railway survey had been proceeding very satisfactorily.—In France the MORÈS trial, child of duels, had nearly given birth to another combat. M. CRÉMIEUX FOA challenged Lieutenant TROCHU, one of the witnesses, and, on the Lieutenant's Colonel refusing him the necessary permission to fight, insulted the Lieutenant before the mess. Whereupon M. TROCHU'S brother officers incontinently rose up and kicked that Ebrew and bellicose Jew out. The intruder, however, to do him justice, seems to have fought like a Maccabee, and only succumbed to numbers and a syphon of *eau de Seltz* (no doubt "aimed low"), which is obviously suited to do even better service than the aboriginal decanter.—A story, not devoid of a certain cock-and-bull element, was told of an outrage by a Russian cruiser on Canadian sealers in that *mare*, very much *clausum*, the Behring Sea. The Russian commander "should have said," to adopt a picturesque though not strictly correct idiom, that the sovereignty of Russia extends to a thousand miles from her shores. The phrase, whether authentic or not, certainly formulates Russian claims with a certain neatness.—Yesterday morning it was announced that another Black Mountain Expedition would be necessary; that the Portuguese had been within an ace of serious trouble with GUNGUNHAMA, who, no doubt, if he were not interfered with, could easily wipe them out of Lower Mozambique, but who seems to have been pacified by English intervention; and that the United States have imposed a twenty days' quarantine on all emigrant ships. This measure will make it more necessary than ever for our own authorities to see that the cargoes of these vessels are not "dumped" meanwhile on British shores.

The Law Courts. Mr. Justice BRUCE, as Vacation Judge, had before him last week an important application from a firm of stockbrokers to continue an interim injunction to prevent the Stock Exchange Committee from expelling them for dishonourable conduct. The application was refused.—NEILL was committed for trial in the Lambeth poisoning cases this day week.—On Tuesday an inquest was held, and a formal verdict found, in reference to a peculiarly sad instance either of wanton homicide and suicide, or of more than ordinarily idiotic "fooling with firearms," in which a man had shot and killed in Brompton Cemetery, first a girl of whom he knew nothing, and then his worthless self.—Courts-martial have been held during the week on the officers of the ships that met with accidents in the Naval Manœuvres.

Racing. No special notice is needed for the Scarborough and Huntingdon meetings last week. At Derby on Tuesday there were two surprises, Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE'S Minting Queen, with evens on her, being unplaced in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, which was won by Sir R. JARDINE'S Fealar, while Lord ELLESMERE'S Esmond, starting at 25 to 1, took the Peveril of the Peak Plate almost as he liked from a good field of all ages. On Wednesday another valuable prize, the Breeders' St. Leger Stakes, was fought for by some good horses, Llanthony, Lorette, and others; but Mr. PEACOCK'S light-weighted Golden Drop was favourite, made all the running, and won easily. On Thursday the chief race was a Nursery Handicap, which attracted a good many runners, and was won by the Duke of PORTLAND'S Mrs. Butterwick.

Cricket. The remarkable batting powers of the Somerset Eleven have been frequently exhibited this season, but never so well as at the end of last week against the strong and mainly professional Yorkshire team. On Thursday week Mr. HEWETT and Mr. PALAIRET had made 78 for no wicket. Next day they carried their partnership on to such profit that Mr. HEWETT made 201 and Mr. PALAIRET 146. Mr. HEDLEY, following, also achieved three figures, making 102; and, several other batsmen making handsome scores, the innings reached the huge total of 592. On that day Surrey beat Kent by ten wickets. All the matches which were to have been finished this day week were stopped by the rain, which was particularly unlucky in the case of the Somerset and Yorkshire match noticed above.—The same cause interfered with almost all games on Monday, though some progress was made, against wind and tide, in the match between Sussex and Middlesex.—The weather, though not very good, was a little better on Tuesday. Middlesex achieved the beating of Sussex in one innings, and finished their first-class matches. At Taunton only one innings could be played in the match between Gloucester and Somerset, the first named being got all out for 96, and Mr. PALAIRET distinguishing himself behind the wicket—a new place for him. The Scarborough week was at last able to begin, and more or less play was possible at other places.—Except at Scarborough, cricket was again impossible on Wednesday, so that all matches remained unfinished; while even at Scarborough, though there was play, the match was drawn.—The second batch of matches for the week began (or did not begin) in equally unfavourable circumstances on Thursday.

Yachting. There was good sailing in the Royal Dart Regatta yesterday week. The *Queen Mab* won in the racing class, and the *Réverie* in the handicap. Next day, in the Start Bay Regatta, the weather was so bad that the smaller classes had to give up, and the forties were stopped after sailing one round. The *Queen Mab* came in first, but was protested against for breach of rule in hailing the *Corsair* to get out of her way without tacking herself.—Heavy weather stopped the Royal Western Regatta, at Plymouth, altogether on Tuesday.—The Town Regatta at the same place on Wednesday came off, but in weather hardly better. Of the racing forties, only the *Queen Mab* ventured out, and sailed once round with double-reefed mainsail and topmast housed. In the handicap class, however, the *Lorna* and the *L'Espérance* made a fight for it over the whole course, and Lord DUNRAVEN'S boat won well.

Correspondence. On few days hitherto has the amateur newspaper correspondent revelled more boldly than on Tuesday last, but the very variety of his excesses precludes them from separate comment. To all the old subjects was added, on Wednesday morning, a portentously long screed on international postage by,

it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, and an appeal in favour of the United Service Institution from Admiral Sir GEORGE WILLES, which deserves careful examination.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has informed a correspondent that he is not anxious for Disestablishment, because he hopes that the Church will disestablish herself; and Mr. HUXLEY, defending himself from the charge of having torn up a tract (*vile damnum*, surely), has observed, to another, that he has “sufficient respect for religion to object to the ‘blasphemous impertinence’ of being asked, ‘Have you got your soul saved?’” There are those whose views of religion differ much from Mr. HUXLEY’S, but who will on this point heartily agree with him.—Attention was called yesterday morning to the fate of the *Foudroyant*, one of NELSON’S ships, which has been sold for firewood (just before, as it happens, the Admiralty the other day informed the Grimsby authorities that it had no ship to give them for a hospital); and a Welsh Correspondent of the *Times* vouched for having himself heard during the late election a Gladstonian orator promise “a Commission to give the people ‘the land and the rivers’ within six months of Mr. GLADSTONE’S coming in.

Miscellaneous.

Two disasters of very different kinds occurred towards the end of last week—a great colliery accident in Wales, and the announcement of the intended winding-up of the great manufacturing concern of Saltaire, which has been mortally wounded by the McKINLEY tariff.—The colliery disaster (in visiting the scene whereof Mr. ASQUITH handselled his Home Secretaryship), though a severe one, turned out better than was expected; 40 out of 140, in round numbers, being saved.—The strong wind and tremendous rain of this day week and Sunday supplied much miscellaneous news; but the chief subject thereof was cholera.—A summary of Lord GRIMTHORPE’S forthcoming pamphlet on the Lincoln judgment has appeared, from which it is evident that, as might be expected, Lord GRIMTHORPE is very cross; but it would be unfair to criticize it at any length before seeing the actual text.—A very good appointment to the deanery of St. Asaph, vacant by Dean OWEN’S acceptance of the Principalship of Lampeter, has been made in the person of Archdeacon WATKIN WILLIAMS, an excellent Churchman, an able man, a Welsh speaker, and possessed of birth and means, as well as brains.—Partridge-shooting began, not in the best weather, on Thursday; when also the new Metropolitan extension to Aylesbury was opened, and Lord LONDONDERRY spoke at the simultaneous opening of an enlargement to the Sunderland Harbour Works.

Obituary.

It appeared from Saturday’s news, as given in some papers, that a great loss had fallen upon the University of Oxford by the death (not from accident, but from cold and exposure) on Mont Blanc of Mr. NETTLESHIP, Corpus Professor of Latin, who to scholarship of the strictest kind which has few superiors adds a general sense of literature unfortunately by no means always found in the company of what is technically called scholarship. It turned out, however, that the victim was his younger brother, Mr. R. L. NETTLESHIP, of Balliol, a man of less literary achievement and less known in the University generally, but one popular and influential in his own college.—Mr. WILLIAM FORBES SKENE, Historiographer Royal for Scotland, who died this week at the age of eighty-four, was a very interesting person. The son of Sir WALTER SCOTT’S intimate friend, Mr. SKENE of Rubislaw, he was present at Abbotsford in the spring of 1831, when Sir WALTER was seized with the attack from which, strictly speaking, he never recovered, though its termination was postponed by the journey to Naples. In himself Mr. SKENE was not only an excellent specimen of the older race of Scottish gentle-

man, but a scholar who had few rivals in the earliest division of Scottish history.—Mr. GROVER, C.E., was an engineer of renown, especially in connexion with waterworks.—Mr. GEORGE W. CURTIS was an American man of letters of a good class, a politician who had done something for Civil Service reform, and a person of influence in education. He had, we believe, set himself against the Spread-eagleism which is characteristic of a certain school of American writers; he wrote in a pleasant and scholarly manner, and is altogether a considerable loss to his country.—Sir GEORGE MACLEOD, brother of Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD, was a Scotch surgeon of high repute and old standing, whose record goes as far back as the siege of Sebastopol, and who died a Regius Professor and Senior Surgeon to the QUEEN.

Sir LINTON SIMMONS, in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month, has given an authoritative denial to the rumours which fathered the book called *An Englishman in Paris* upon Sir RICHARD WALLACE. This will be no surprise to readers of the *Saturday Review*, and is rather amusing when the confident assertions and knowing airs of certain newspapers are remembered. The case, however, is but one more instance of the fallacy and futility of so-called “private information,” and of its worthlessness as compared with the judgment, arrived at on evidence, of competent critics.—The *Speeches and Addresses of Archbishop MAGEE*, edited by his son (ISBISTER), make a valuable book, of which we shall hope soon to have more to say.

THE RUSSIANS ON THE PAMIRS.

PROFESSOR VAMBÉRY, writing in the *New Review* on the Russian advance in the Pamirs, acknowledges with good sense and good temper that he has a certain difficulty in dealing with the subject because he is “under the suspicion of a pronounced ‘anti-Russian bias.’” And he proceeds to ask in a few words that he may be judged by what he has said in the past and by the fulfilment of his predictions. He is well justified of this attitude; and so are all those who have taken the same line as he has. Although it is a common, it is a sufficiently irrational, thing to regard the “bias” of a writer or speaker on such matters as these at all. We do not suppose that Professor VAMBÉRY wants his opinions to be taken on the strength of his own authority; he wants reasonable people to look at them in connexion with the facts, which are open with the most moderate amount of trouble to universal inspection. So (to speak as fools) do we. Of all prevalent *idola fori*, the most singular delusion and the most universal (for, as all logicians know, the singular is an universal) is, that “Who says it?” and not “Is it true?” is the point of importance; and in no instance has this delusion worked such mischief as in this very subject. For years those who were careful and troubled about Independent Tartary were the butt of jokes, the text of serious discourses, the objects of the lazy contempt which attaches to those who fear what others do not fear. It was impossible that Russia should get to Merv. It would do no harm if Russia did get to Merv. When Russia got to Merv we should hear no more of it. And at this precise moment Russia has been established at Merv for the best part of a decade; and it is the centre and base of all her operations in and against North-Western Afghanistan; and the Indian Government has been put to vast expense, and has had to do all it could in redeeming the time (though, fortunately, most of it has been done) to carry out the defensive counterworks necessitated by the occupation of Merv and the subsequent dash to Penjdeh.

This recent, and, to those who will take even the least

little trouble to understand the facts, this startling, lesson should surely gain a respectful hearing for those who deprecate the repetition in the matter of the Pamirs of the same policy which has been so disastrous and so costly a little further west. We are not of those, if there be such, who strive to make a difficulty for Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government out of this Pamir business. It is much too serious for that. Nor are we of those who, on the other hand, would magnify the immediate seriousness of the position. For the past few days there has been an obvious tendency on the part of Russian organs and those influenced by Russia to minimize the situation as far as possible. Colonel YANOFF'S expedition is one of pure exploration; indeed, it is so peaceful that the Chinese were asked not to send any troops in the same direction lest there should be trouble in this scientific trip. (The Russians are really a great nation; it would be impossible to imagine anything more childlike and bland than this appeal on the part of BILL SIKES to Bow Street not to send any troublesome officers to a particular district on a given night, lest his experiments in the arts of window-opening should be misunderstood.) The most satisfactory explanations will be forthcoming to Lord ROSEBURY. The brush at Somatash was a mere matter of a score or so of men on each side, and the Afghan commander was stupid. It is true that the tribes are very anxious that Russia should annex them, that they do not like the Chinese, that they are afraid of the Afghans, that they think (another stroke of Russian humour, with that touch of truth about it which makes it bitter) that England will "only hold them for a time, and then give them up." But all this is accidental and parenthetical, and if the old Bokhara and Khokand claims are dwelt upon, that is parenthetical and accidental too. The general attitude of Russian handlers of the question is that of the amiable family dentist in his appeals to youth. It will be nothing; it will soon be over; in fact, he only wants to look at the part that is out of order, and has not the slightest idea of any unpleasant operation.

It is not very probable that Lord ROSEBURY, at any rate, will be taken in by these little wiles; but it is less improbable that he may be compelled, either by the influence of his colleagues or by the more subtle and stronger influence which leads all men to patch things up instead of going to the root of them, to accept any apologies and explanations that may be made, to leave it to the Indian Government to smooth down the AMEER, to shut his eyes to the unpleasant synchronism of these renewed Russian explorations with the advent of his own party to power in England on the one side, and with a spirit of revolt in Afghanistan proper on the other. If he does this, he will commit a very great blunder and let slip a remarkable opportunity. Nothing, it may be confidently said, will put an end to these jars and frights but a proper delimitation of the Pamir district on the line of the Ak-Su at southernmost. And the most honeyed demonstrations of the purely scientific character of the surveying parties ought not to deceive a diplomatic child. It is in the highest degree probable that the Russians do not want at this moment to occupy or annex the Pamirs. For occupation, indeed, they are very unsuitable. In great part they are uninhabited and uninhabitable, though they are visited occasionally for pasturing purposes by nomad tribes. What is really important to Russia is to discover and accurately fix the roads across them, the facilities for subsisting troops, the possibilities of transporting stores, provisions, munitions of war. This can be done as well by exploring expeditions as by regular occupation, while the expeditions afford a good opportunity of conciliating such inhabitants as there are. And all this can have only one object. The trade across the

Pamirs is insignificant, and such as it is, the Russians want rather to hinder than to foster it. It is not generally believed that England has any violent desire to invade Russian Turkestan. *Manet sors tertia*, and it would be an insult even to a Gladstonian intelligence to particularize what that *sors tertia* is.

In fixing the line of delimitation we do not know that it would be wise to insist on quite so much as Professor VAMBERY thinks desirable. One plan in these matters—the favourite one with all barbarian, and some civilized, nations, and an especially favourite one with Russia—is to clamour for more than you are prepared to take, under the impression that you will at least get what you really want. The other, and more dignified, plan is to say, "I am not going to haggle or chaffer; this is my minimum-maximum, and you must take it or leave it." On this latter plan we are not sure that it would be possible to stickle for at least great part of Roshan, one of the small khanates now threatened by the Russians. For much of it, if not the whole, lies on the Russian side of that branch of the Oxus head-waters which naturally and reasonably carries on the delimitation—already more or less accepted—to the Chinese border. But for everything south of that branch it seems desirable to insist absolutely that it shall be recognized as Afghan or Chinese property as against the Russians, and then to effect an amicable arrangement between Cabul and Pekin. With Shignan, with the Alichur, the Great and the Little Pamirs, and with all the other districts south of the Ak-Su, Russia should have nothing whatever to do; while, as for allowing her troops to wander south of the Panja into Wakhan, still more over the Hindu Koosh to Yaghistan and Chitral, "No! not for an hour" is the only answer possible to a tolerably informed statesman. And, above all, the attempts of the Russians to serve themselves heirs to Khokand or Bokhara should be treated with civil indifference, and a request to come to something rather more actual. Not in the least that, in this order of claims, the balance goes against us. If title-deeds can be spoken of in these shadowy regions, it is pretty exact to say that those of China are the strongest by antiquity and by her comparatively recent subjugation of the temporarily rebellious sultanate of Kashgar; that those of Afghanistan come next as regards recent military preponderance and actual possession for some considerable time past; and that those of Bokhara or Khokand are the most indirect, the most shadowy, and the most impossible to justify by evidence of actual seisin. We could be quite contented to meet the Russians on this ground; but, as everybody knows, the question is not really on this ground at all. It is a question of arranging a boundary, north of which Russia may, and south of which she may not, annex, make roads, arrange garrisons, compile magazines, and otherwise pursue her perfectly well-known, but diplomatically never-mentioned, object. The southmost boundary that is at all safe, by the concurrent or harmonized testimony of military and geographical experts, is that branch of the Upper Oxus system which coincides most nearly with the parallel of 38°. And to this line Lord ROSEBURY, if he is wise, will stick; and will not rest till he gets it settled.

THE PAGAN REVIEW.

THE *Pagan Review* is the last new periodical. A certain canniness presides over the *Pagan Review*, which requests "subscriptions in advance," and a certain honesty may be admired, as the *Pagan Review*, if it dies very young, will remit "unexhausted subscriptions." It will publish nothing save by writers who, theoretically or practically, have identified, or are identifying, themselves with "the younger men."

Copies may be procured from Mr. W. H. BROOKS, Backs Green, Rudgwick, Sussex, a county celebrated as the birthplace of SHELLEY. The Review announces itself as "frankly pagan," and its conductors probably do not know what paganism was. For paganism did not stand in a false following of Mr. THOMAS HARDY, and Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, and M. PAUL VERLAINE, but in a traditional body of ancient usages, and in a poetry not accessible to aspiring but uneducated intellects. Real paganism to the modern Neo-Pagan would have seemed Tory in politics, bald in art, and unadventurous in morals. The Neo-Pagan is a revival of the young man whom ARISTOPHANES particularly detested. If the New Pagan had any knowledge of the old paganism he would choose for himself some other nickname. The New Pagan, even in his "Foreword," splits his infinitives, and aspires "to really withdraw from life the approved 'veils of convention.'" This fresh *Pagan Review*, of course, has a rallying cry—"Art for Art's sake." Very well, but let it be Art! The silly exhibitions of adjectives which do duty as prose in the *Pagan Review* are not "Art," they are gabble. First, in "The Black Madonna" we are presented with some allegorical nonsense by Mr. FANSHAWE. The scene is apparently laid in the Soudan. A chief named BIHR is crucified after vapouring in a dialogue with the Black Madonna. The Black Madonna "was ASHTAROTH of old," *u.s.w.* BIHR cannot even speak grammar. He says, "Thou—" "thou, will I worship." Mr. FANSHAWE, the author, is young enough, we hope, to have received a School Board education; but it avails him not, unless paganism be a conscious revolt against the English language. BIHR would have been birched, not crucified. What befalls Mr. FANSHAWE, if still at school, when he writes *Tu adorabo*? Meanwhile he "ruffles the 'opaline flood into a flying foam of pink' with the best of them.

The Black Madonna.

What would'st thou?

Bihr.

Thou!

This is worse than the famous proposal of the young English officer to the Spanish lady:—

Lui.

Voulez-vous?

Elle.

Quoi?

Lui.

Moi!

Elle.

Oui!

Why should "copy" of this kind be called "Art"? It is not pagan. The Greeks knew their own language, if they knew no other.

Mr. GEORGE GASCOIGNE cries, in italics, "*Lift, lift thine eyes to mine who loves so wildly, madly*"—it is the Pagan printers who print so madly, wildly. Then Mr. DREEME obliges with a narrative, "The Pagans." The hero is a Mr. TRAQUAIR, apparently, and he has an affair with a Frenchwoman, and her brother, who for some family reason does not kick him, disapproves thereof; but this exciting romance is *To be continued*, and, for obvious Scotch reasons, we do not criticize unfinished work. The "Rape of the Sabines" is finished, and it is to this effect:—

Two Italians stab two other Italians, who, it must be confessed, "richly deserve it." The story is told in the overloaded style which distinguishes new pagan from ancient pagan literature. The tendency to cloud over the matter with layer upon layer of heavy cloying adjectives marks the work of most modern pagans

who write about Italy. The same fault pervades a sketch called "The Oread." An Oread, who has access to mountains, runs away from a deerstalker while he is clothed, but runs to meet him when he strips for a swim. He was a fortunate youth; he got his stag, and he secured, apparently, the affections of his Oread. We do not know whether we are expected to be shocked. A fragment of a poem on "Dionysus in India" is pretty and pleasing, if it contains no very unusual promise. From the advertisements it appears that the authors of these pieces propose to offer them to the world, with other performances, in books. Thus almost all the work is, in a sense, half-done work. The critical remarks by the editor show that he is not so young but that he can admire, not only Mr. HARDY and Mr. MEREDITH, but also the Laureate and Mr. STEVENSON. We never despair of any one who believes in Lord TENNYSON, and it is pleasant to find that *les jeunes* are still capable of enjoying the author of *Treasure Island*. A scornful remark on the *Naulakha* suggests that Mr. KIPLING is one of *les jeunes*, but that he does not swagger on the strength of his youth. The *Naulakha* is not his best work; but if all these young men pile up adjectives till they are grey, it is unlikely that their combined efforts will be worth one page of Mr. KIPLING, who is not pagan.

It is always worth while to look over the short-lived periodicals of youth; occasionally there is a gem in the waste-paper basket. In this case the gem is still to be waited for in hope. *Les jeunes* should not make it their chief aim to shock Mrs. GRUNDY. That is like the conduct of small boys, *les plus jeunes encore*, whose ambition is content with scrawling naughty words on the walls. The Pagans are really not very shocking in this Review, except to the shade of PRISCIAN now and then. If their periodical fails, it will not be because they are young, but because they are dull; not because they are shocking, but because they are stupid. Youth, which has usually nothing to say, is justly anxious to say it well. But the art of writing well is not the trick of laying on adjectives with a palette-knife. That is an illusion which most writers have to outgrow. There can be no better cure for the errors of Neo-paganism than a study of the old pagans, HOMER, SOPHOCLES, VIRGIL. They, not M. PAUL VERLAINE, not even Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, not even "BEAUDELAIRE" (as the *Pagan Review* calls that author, who himself smote the Neo-Pagans in a memorable essay) are the guides to follow.

SWAZILAND.

THE Swaziland question has, as was to be expected, come to the front again, and some anxiety on the subject is excusable, now that the Colonial Office is in the hands of Lord RIPON—hands that have seldom been busy except to do England damage. It is understood that Sir HENRY LOCH is coming to England this autumn to discuss with the home authorities the questions now at issue between the Cape Government and the Transvaal, and of these Swaziland is one of the most important. It is unfortunate that more than one feature of recent events in South Africa has led the average Englishman—always too glad of any pretext for not concerning himself about foreign or colonial affairs—to shuffle off South African questions as matters of private *tripotage*, where every arguer on every side has an axe to grind, a concession to urge, an open or hidden interest of some kind to further. To speak the honest truth, there is a good deal of this; though, if there were a great deal more than there is, it would be no excuse, and much less than no reason, for indifference. And another evil result of it is that the few persons at

home who take an interest, which is not in the questionable sense interested, in South African affairs are equally distasteful to the average Englishman, who regards them as troublesome bores, and to the local axe-grinder, who is indignant because they care very little for the grinding of his particular axe.

The Swaziland question, it is, perhaps, just necessary to remind readers in such circumstances as these, is whether the territory so called which intervenes between the Transvaal and the coast is to remain in its present state of quasi-independence, guaranteed by Great Britain and the Transvaal under the Convention of two years ago, or is to be absorbed by the Boers, or is to be more or less directly protected by ourselves. Unless the Home Government makes a stand the Transvaal will certainly get it, and if the Transvaal gets it, especially if the Transvaal gets it without very distinct reserves and stipulations, certain more or less unpleasant things will surely follow. The first, the least, and the one for which we ourselves care comparatively little or nothing, is that some English concessionaries will find themselves disappointed. The second, for which we care a great deal, is that the Swazis, who have been very good allies of ours, and whose cause we are bound to espouse, will go the way of all other native tribes with whom the Dutchmen come in contact. The third, for which we care most of all, is that the Imperial hold on South Africa, as a whole, will be very much weakened, and the Afrikaner party correspondingly strengthened—materially to a great extent, morally still more by the repetition on the part of the Empire of those “refusals” which have made the strictly English party at the Cape a helpless and almost hopeless minority.

It seems to be still a puzzle to Englishmen, though it is as plain as may be, why it is not desirable to give way on points where Dutchmen and local Englishmen, at any rate to some extent, seem to agree. The secret has been made plain over and over again here and elsewhere. In the first place, it is the cue of the powerful trading interests, of which Mr. CECIL RHODES is the chief representative, to keep on good terms with the Boers. In the second place, the Loyalist party at the Cape have been so disgusted by the series of Imperial abandonments, of which Mr. GLADSTONE'S conduct after Majuba was the most glaring, but not by any means the last, that too many of them have made a virtue of necessity, and have given up an Imperial for a Colonial policy. In the third place, there is a strong notion, right or wrong, at the Cape, that in a few years the simple and natural operation of English immigration and English enterprise will swallow up the Dutch element, and bring things to a balance of themselves. All these things play together into Dutch—at least into Afrikaner hands; but none of them ought to count for anything in the consideration of English statesmen. The objects of these latter ought to be, in the first place, the discharge of England's obligations towards anybody with whom those obligations have been entered into; in the second, so far as it may be decently secured, the maintenance of the private rights of Englishmen; but, most of all, and last of all, the preservation of the Imperial inheritance of all HER MAJESTY'S subjects in such a condition as may best suit the interests of all those subjects, whether they live in Cape Town or in Calcutta, in Manchester or in Montreal, in Edinburgh or in Dunedin. If this ideal be kept before the eyes, there is not much fear, human errors excepted, of mistakes being made. We must own that it is not exactly the ideal which we should expect to find in any council chamber presided over by Mr. GLADSTONE, and that, if it be found in any councillor there, that councillor is unlikely to be Lord RIFON.

M. WEYL'S TORPEDO-BOATS.

AMONG the correspondences which endeavour to enliven this dead season we cannot rank the controversy conducted under the heading “M. WEYL'S “Torpedo-boats,” or “French Torpedo-boats,” as being of especial interest. The Correspondent of the *Times* with the Blue Squadron has thought it instructive to insist that he is of the same opinion as his friend, M. WEYL, the editor of *Le Yacht* and Naval Correspondent of various French papers. The two Correspondents agree in thinking that the proportion of forces between the Red and the Blue Squadrons does not in the least represent what the relative strength of the French and English fleets in the Channel might be in war-time. It is somewhat difficult for us to understand why anybody should have thought it worth while to waste time, ink, and temper in disputing so self-evident a proposition—anybody, that is, except the Admiralty, which does seem to wish the world to believe that the late manœuvres might be expected to prove something. The world, by the way, seems to have a good-natured wish to meet the Admiralty halfway, if we are to judge by the weighty sincerity of newspaper Correspondents, and has been looking almost pathetically for instruction. We, for our part, expected none, and therefore were not disappointed when we did not get any. Moreover, we have a lurking suspicion that the world is much nearer being of our mind than in agreement with the overpoweringly nautical, tactical, and strategical Naval Correspondents of the daily papers.

Going further, we are inclined to maintain against both the *Times*' Correspondent and his friend, M. WEYL, that, if the proportion of force between the Blue and the Red Squadrons had been all they think it should have been, the manœuvres would still have necessarily proved exactly nothing at all. Either of these gentlemen would do a real service if they would explain how manœuvres can prove whether a given force could or could not prevent another from going through the North or any other channel. If the Blue Squadron had had a hundred torpedo-boats, and had got them all round the Red, what then? Until we know whether in real war the guns of the battle-ships would or would not sink three-fourths of the torpedo-boats before they could get within striking distance, the manœuvres would still have proved in the fullest extension of the word nothing. That being so, what does it signify whether the proportion of force between the squadrons represented any probable proportion in real war or the reverse? We are not, we presume, going to be told that it is necessary to hold manœuvres to prove that, with decent luck and a little energy, a force which is watching narrow waters can catch sight of a larger passing through, or that the larger can hem the smaller up if it catches it in a corner like Belfast Lough. Since JASON sailed for the Golden Fleece there has been no doubt on these points, and we dare say it was traditional knowledge in his time. “Another Correspondent” is inclined to think that the Blue Squadron had quite torpedo-boats enough because, among other reasons, these craft would, in real war, be liable to be “cut to pieces and sunk, in place of being humanely “put out of action for a few hours”—and then allowed to play again. Each of the Blue Squadron's torpedo-boats counted for several. Of course this helps to add to the unreality of the whole silly business. Will somebody explain what would happen in real war if half the torpedo-boats engaged were sent to the bottom, and the others, as might well happen, were glad to escape without sinking a single battle-ship? With what heart would the lucky ones come on again, or their admiral send picked officers and men on a succession of *chevauchées de la mort* from which so little advantage was to be obtained?

Until we know what the balance of chances is, there is very little interest in the dispute whether the French have more torpedo-boats than we or no. If one *Blake* can sink twenty torpedo-boats on an average, it is better to have two *Blakes* than thirty-five torpedo-boats, even though one torpedo-boat can dispose of one *Blake* in favourable circumstances. The value of an instrument of war is its value on the average and not in exceptional circumstances. We have built more battle-ships and cruisers than the French for some years past, and it has not been proved that this is not the better policy. As regards the number of French torpedo-boats, the *Times* Correspondent, we believe, is right. And so he ought to be. The French have paid dearly enough for their torpedo-boats, by suspending work on their big ships in order to build the small, in Admiral AUBE's days. When Admiral GERVAIS's squadron was at Portsmouth the torpedo-boats had to be sent into the dockyard because it was not safe to keep them out at Spithead in even moderately dirty weather in which a Deal pilot-boat or Penzance fishing-yawl would have been at her ease. And these are the vessels which are to cruise about from Lorient to Cherbourg in all weathers.

TWO VOICES.

HERE are two voices from the Home Rule side discussing Home Rule and its present prospects. First let us hear Mr. DILLON, speaking to the Irish National Federation in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin. "He said, further, that had they yielded to 'all this clamour [to wit, clamour for guarantees from 'Mr. GLADSTONE], and had they been silly and wicked enough to make foolish and ridiculous demands on 'Mr. GLADSTONE before the election took place, the 'verdict of England would probably have been given, 'not for Home Rule, but against it.' To the 'poor 'political intelligence' of Mr. DILLON it appeared better to come to a private understanding with Mr. GLADSTONE, to keep the terms of that understanding quiet till a majority was won, and then, having secured their hare, 'to think about cooking it.' So we have Mr. DILLON's word for it that a majority has been won for something which England would probably have rejected if it had been taken into the confidence of Mr. GLADSTONE and his Irish friends. Now let us hear Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, telling 'How to drive Home 'Rule home' in the *Fortnightly*. 'This great decision of a House elected *ad hoc* after the most prolonged and elaborate agitation ever known in our 'modern political history, has irrevocably settled the 'principle of Home Rule. . . . The nation has, with 'infinite toil, decided a direct issue, and will not stand 'trifling.' The great decision was the vote of 'No 'confidence,' and grammatically Mr. F. HARRISON would appear to mean that the House was elected to vote this and no more. But his meaning is not so limited. He really argues that the country has decided in favour of that Home Rule which, says Mr. DILLON, it would probably have rejected if it had known for what it was voting. So much for the harmony of Home Rulers on the 'direct issue.'

But on the main point our 'prophets, major or 'minor,' are at one. The hare has been secured, and now it is time to set about the cooking. It is the function of Mr. HARRISON to explain how—which he does through thirteen pages of 'silent contempt' for the Unionists, and with, we have his assurance to that effect, more than ordinary calm. 'During all 'these bitter years Unionists have treated Home 'Rulers as dogs, and Home Rule as a thing of shame. 'We are not going to retaliate for their cruelty and 'meanness, nor fling back on them their foul words and

'insolent slanders.' It is in pursuance of this chastened and laudable resolution to return good for evil that Mr. HARRISON, considering the case of Ulster, does not utter a single—word which rhymes with calm, if you speak Scotch. He only says, 'Many 'other nations have somewhat cantankerous provinces. 'Scotland had its Highland roysterers, rebels, and 'cattle-lifters; France once had Vendéens, as Russia 'and Germany have Poles and Austria has Croats and 'Czechs. They must all shake down together. To 'give these turbulent and braggart minorities any 'special 'protection' is to inflame their worst vices. 'If they break into insurrection, there is in the 'Castle archives the famous order, Do not hesitate to shoot! Let us have no special provisions, safeguards, and exceptions at all in the Irish 'Bill. But let us answer Protestants, landlords, 'Orangemen, and Ulster 'loyalists' in the way in 'which Father ABRAHAM answered DIVES when he 'was yelling for mercy and a drop of water.' We perceive that whatever differences there may be between the most orthodox Unionist and Mr. F. HARRISON are mere matters of detail. A gentleman who makes such short work of 'Poland a nation' is in a fair way to take the sound view of 'Ireland a 'nation.' Some people might be surprised to find so eloquent a friend of freedom in hearty agreement with the 'MOURAVIEFFS who hang.' We are not; for some slight study and experience have convinced us that nobody clamours so loudly for shooting parties as the 'apostle of freedom' when people use their freedom to disagree with him. In the meantime, we commend Mr. HARRISON's Russian view of the line to be taken with minorities to the attention of Dr. PARKER of the City Temple, to the Nonconformist Conference which was so sure that Ulster would be safeguarded in the Bill which Mr. GLADSTONE is arranging with Mr. DILLON, and to the Master of University who, we seem to remember, considered it probable some time ago that he might have to dissent from his revered leader. Mr. HARRISON is so careful to keep his promise to abstain from 'foul words and insolent 'slanders,' that he only calls Lord SALISBURY a violent man with an irrepressible contempt for the people, habitually refers to the Liberal-Unionists as renegades, and says that 'Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may nurse the hope 'of being one day Duke of BIRMINGHAM.' 'Why do 'you lose your temper? why cannot you keep calm, 'as I do?' says one of the characters in *Good for Nothing*—and then he kicks the furniture about in paroxysms of rage.

In this spirit does Mr. F. HARRISON set about telling how the hare is to be cooked; and the method he recommends is conformable to the calmness of his mood. It is a variation on Mr. LABOUCHERE'S. One of the incidents attaching to that politician—who also, by the way, is quite cool and self-possessed—was his ingenious plan for first building up a Radical majority, and then passing Home Rule. Mr. HARRISON has gone to work in an eclectic spirit, and has combined Mr. LABOUCHERE'S method with Mr. DILLON'S measure. We do not accuse Mr. HARRISON of plagiarism in this matter. Indeed, from an early sentence in his article we gather that it was written at least some little time before the Cabinet was formed. 'We 'have done,' he says, 'with Whiggery, bureaucracy, 'middle-class economics, and the circumlocution (*sic*) 'business of what used to be called the 'governing 'classes.' At last we have got down to a genuine 'Democratic Republic, the antique formulas of which 'must be frankly treated as merely surviving formulas.' Mr. HARRISON did not foresee the predominance of the old gang, and the departure to the Italian lakes of a 'stalwart Radical' whose name had not been recommended to HER MAJESTY, when he wrote that DEBORAH

song of triumph. We will not suppose that he conveyed his thunder from the stalwart Radical, but allow that he elaborated it for himself. Yet they are the same kind of thunder after all—and Mr. HARRISON'S rumbles in the most imposing fashion. His method for passing the Bill is as simple—as bullying. The majority, which has its “heel at last on the Unionist neck,” is not to take it up “for mere howling [how calm Mr. HARRISON is!]—till the work is done.” He is aware that a majority of forty, confessedly divided, may have some difficulty in keeping its foot on the neck of the minority. If the majority is to be “asked to lie down” to be peppered like the French army at Sedan, it will “lose stomach, discipline, and self-confidence.” It must adopt another system of tactics; and Mr. HARRISON has a model drawn from the practice of the County Council. By lying down to be peppered Mr. HARRISON explains that he means allowing the Tories and Liberal-Unionists, who vainly imagine that they also are the elect of the people, to speak at any length. The theatric part of the Constitution must be done away with. “To waste four months over a single Bill, to allow it three weeks of grand field-day debate, three months of worry and dodge in Committee, 1,500 amendments, and 3,000 separate speeches, and finally to let it be chucked out in an hour and a half by the Lords”—all this would be most tolerable and not to be endured, though of course the worry and dodge are strictly legitimate when, by sad accident, a Tory Ministry is in office. No; the majority must imitate its admirable behaviour during the debate on the Address. It must listen to the diatribes of the Opposition in silent contempt, and vote it down. In this way the majority will be kept in training, and the Bill be rushed through before Easter. What follows, though Mr. HARRISON takes some space to develop his ideas, is simple. The Lords will do as they are bid, or be abolished, or swamped, or otherwise brought to an end. “Oh silly!” cries this modern SUNDERLAND to some doubting CHURCHILL. “Your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords.” A regiment of the Lifeguards, or “five hundred sweeps” (can Mr. HARRISON mean Mr. PARNELL'S whilom followers?) will be marched in, and so an end. And be it observed that the cultivated and thoughtful gentleman who propounds this plan assures us ecstatically that he is prepared for all this revolution in order to force through a Bill of which he knows nothing. He hopes that it will be something “involving power to deal with the land, with policy, with judiciary, with finance, and with Ulster (if Ulster need any dealing with at all),” which is not unlike Mr. PARNELL'S Jacobin Home Rule. But he does not know, and whatever it is the Opposition, the Lords, and Crown must swallow it whole, or the people (who have put Home Rulers in a minority in Great Britain, by the way) will act a part to tear a cat in.

THE CHOLERA.

THE outbreak of cholera at Hamburg is evidently of a serious nature, and, if accounts of the condition of that port are not grossly exaggerated, it is not surprising that English ports, many of which are in regular, and almost daily, communication with Hamburg, have not entirely escaped. According to some medical authorities, it was inevitable in the circumstances that cases should be imported. The few authentic cases recorded so far at Gravesend, Liverpool, Islington, Grimsby, Middlesboro', with the doubtful ones at Falmouth and Islington, have been proved to have originated in Hamburg. At Gravesend and Liverpool the sufferers were of the more or less destitute emigrant class. The Islington cases are referred to

passengers who were making holiday, passing through Hamburg on their homeward way to Harwich. So far there has been no sign of epidemic resulting from these cases, and there is no ground, according to all competent judges, to fear anything of the kind. The alarm expressed in some quarters lest hordes of Polish or Russian emigrants from the infected port should carry contagion through the land may be dismissed as groundless. There has been something of a cry for a decree prohibiting the landing of these unfortunates. It is satisfactory, however, to observe that railway and steamship Companies have not waited for any such enactment to enforce what is their plain duty, and, it must be added, their most obvious interest. They have instructed their agents to refuse passage of the dirty and suspect alien emigrants. In London, at least, the immigration has been stopped merely by the enforcement of the legal powers vested in the Port Sanitary authorities. Moreover, it is perfectly clear from some of the cases that the average passenger from Hamburg, or any centre of infection, is no more “immune” than the Russian emigrant. Dr. LYON'S letter on this subject should reassure the timid. It is only fair to consider that while the *Gemma*, crowded with emigrants, yielded some three or four cases at Gravesend, the ordinary passenger-boat suffered to a like extent at Harwich. The vigilance and activity shown by the Port authorities in isolating cases and inspecting vessels on arrival are most commendable, and ought to be most reassuring to the public. The new order of the Local Government Board empowering the sanitary authorities of ports to deal with the drinking-water carried by ships, and discharge it, if suspected, into the river before docks are entered, is a reasonable measure, though strict attention to purity and cleanliness in this matter at Hamburg and other infected ports is even more important. Then it is well, considering that cholera is chiefly propagated through drinking-water, that the London Water Companies should be directed to perfect their filtration methods, and ensure the utmost possible freedom from organic pollution.

There is always much causeless apprehension when there is the slightest appearance of a visitation of cholera, and it is a pity that its gratuitous stimulation should not be promptly dealt with. It is monstrous, for example, that purveyors of “news” to the evening journals should give currency to baseless rumours of the most alarming kind. Thus we have announced in the largest type, “Outbreak at Dover,” “Cholera scare at Gravesend,” and the like, of an evening, only to be completely disproved the following morning by the Mayor of the one town and the Town Clerk of the other. There is far too much of this kind of liberty of the press. Any one, not careful of the letter, might imagine from the alarmist paragraphs concerning the scarlet fever epidemic in London that something of a plague was in progress, whereas for many successive weeks the health of London has been exceptionally good. News-making of this kind is almost as bad as the scandalous concealment of the truth about the cholera, for something like three weeks, by the authorities of Hamburg, who seem to have hoodwinked all the Consuls there resident. That the German EMPEROR should, as is reported, have expressed great indignation at this hushing-up policy is extremely natural. The occasion seems to warrant the making of an example in high places. From the published accounts of the condition of the Hamburg hospitals which a Vienna doctor has written, it seems that the authorities were totally unprepared for an outbreak of cholera, though the steady westward course of the disease from Cashmere, Persia, and the ports of the Caspian Sea has been patent to all observers for three months past.

There never was a more forcible illustration of the truth that forewarned should imply forearmed. Yet the truth about Hamburg was first made known to the Imperial Government by the authorities of Altona, and in Hamburg the stupid policy of concealment, now no longer possible, has been followed by complete disorganization of the sanitary administration. With the system of inspection and disinfection, and the isolation of cases detected, thoroughly carried out by our Port Sanitary officials, it is reasonable to expect that we shall escape the visitation in England, although London has already been declared an infected port by Christiania, which is, to say the least, a little premature on the part of the Norwegian authorities. Owing to our proximity to the Continent, there is certainly some risk, which the keenest vigilance may not be able to render inoperative. Cases of cholera on board ship are, of course, promptly dealt with, as at Gravesend, and isolated in hospital. But, owing to the short distance between English ports and Hamburg, Antwerp, Havre, and other stricken places, there may be a clean bill of health on a steamer from one of those ports on arrival, and cases of cholera may yet develop among the passengers after landing. As illustrations of this danger we have cases such as that of the Middlesboro' man, who, after landing, was reported as taken ill on arriving at Glasgow. Fortunately, the Sanitary authorities throughout the country are alert towards all such contingencies, and, with the great and general improvement in the sanitary condition, and the thorough enforcement of the law, there seems no probability of an epidemic.

SALTABADIL IN POLITICS.

THE trial of the Marquis DE MORÈS and the four gentlemen who acted as seconds in the fatal duel with Captain MAYER has ended as all the world had expected that it would end. The accused have been acquitted. Nor, considering the opinions of the French in the matter of duelling, and the circumstances of the case, was any other verdict to be expected. If, indeed, it had been proved that the Marquis had repeated the villainy of the brutal husband of La Parisienne in FEUILLET'S novel, if he had been shown to have deliberately picked a quarrel with a man whom he knew to be weak in the arm with the intention of killing him at little or no risk to himself, the result would probably have been different. But this was not proved. Captain MAYER was, indeed, weak in the arm, and as this was apparently known to his seconds, they were to blame for allowing him to fight with the sword at all. But there was no evidence that it was known to the Marquis.

Concerning the weight of the weapons there was a good deal of dispute, and there has been some misunderstanding on this side of the water. In the French army the "reglamentary" duels are fought with the unbated foil. Captain MAYER seems to have practised with the foil only. Now, as this is a distinctly lighter weapon than the *épée*, or triangular duelling-sword, he would in any case be at a disadvantage in a combat with an opponent who was familiar with the tool actually used. But in so far as this was an advantage to M. DE MORÈS it was a legitimate one. The law on this point was laid down with authority by the Colonel in *Clarissa Harlowe*. A gentleman who cannot handle a weapon with which he may be called upon to fight must stand to the consequences of his neglect to acquire so necessary a part of his education. As Captain MAYER'S arm was fatigued even by the foil, he must in any case have been at a disadvantage. And the moral is—if you are likely to be involved in a duel, practise with the *épée*. From the account of the

duel we gather that this unfortunate officer, knowing that he could not trust his strength, and was no swordsman, rushed in blindly in the hope of winning by a chance blow. Tried by a resolute and active man against a flurried opponent, as in the leading case of Lieutenant TERENCE O'BRIEN, this has been known to answer. Also, it will serve when the duellist thus attacked does not wish to kill—see the case in *ABOUT, L'Infâme*. Put in practice against a cool fencer who has no scruple about killing, it is almost certain to end as it did on this occasion. The headlong assailant spits himself on his enemy's blade.

And now, having surveyed the duelling ethics of this business, we are free to say that the story, take it altogether, is a scandalous one. The Marquis DE MORÈS is a person who in this country would be a Tory Democrat and contributor to the Society papers. In France he is a Socialist and Jew-baiter. Whether he did or did not say that he required a Jewish corpse for the purposes of his agitation, he has acted as if this was his conviction. In company with M. DRUMONT and others he has advertised himself by abusing the Jews and Jewish officers in the French army. As he himself has been an army officer, he must have known that this language would infallibly lead to a crop of duels. It did, and the duel with Captain MAYER arose out of the publication of the *procès-verbal* of one of them. M. DE MORÈS had perhaps no deliberate intention of providing himself with a "Jewish corpse," but even in France it is impossible to be sure that a duel will not end fatally. When this one did end with the death of poor Captain MAYER, there was a momentary feeling of indignation, and M. DE MORÈS was put on his trial. As in the case of Mme. RAYMOND, public indignation had cooled down between the killing and the trial. The jury acted under the influence of the common French sympathy with people who kill in certain recognized ways; and the prisoners were acquitted. We say again that we are not surprised at it. Nor did the scandalous disorder in the Court, during the trial, strike us with amazement. But because such verdicts and such trials are common in France they are not less discreditable. An officer of good character has been killed on a frivolous pretext, and the man who killed has been both acquitted and applauded by the mob. And yet the French will go on calling themselves a civilized people.

Not the least scandalous part of the story, to French notions, and in a certain degree to our own, is the scene of kicking, cuffing, cudgelling, and throwing of casual syphons of seltzer-water which has since taken place between MM. CRÉMIEUX FOA (ERNEST) and another "past participle of the verb 'trop-choir.'" This epilogue to the pickle-herring tragedy is of a decidedly farcical character, and ought really to cause Frenchmen to revise their ideas on the subject of duelling. They are in the habit of saying that this practice supplies a way in which all men, and particularly all officers, can settle their disputes without undignified scuffling. What has happened in the messroom of a dragoon regiment in garrison at Meaux would seem to prove that this excuse also is vanity. Lieutenant TROCHU is an officer in this regiment, who has been mixed up, in a manner which we shall not take the trouble to unravel, in the previous fantasia of duels. In consequence of information received, Lieutenant TROCHU was led to believe, and to say, that M. ERNEST CRÉMIEUX FOA was responsible for that publication of the *procès-verbal* of his brother's duel which led to the fatal meeting between M. DE MORÈS and Captain MAYER. He indicated with sufficient clearness that, in his opinion, it was mean of M. ERNEST CRÉMIEUX FOA to allow another man to fight for his indiscretion. The excuse which M. ERNEST made for himself in the

MORE trial was but lame. Of course, the past principle foresaw that the indiscreet brother of the Jew would consider his honour outraged, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. So Lieutenant TROCHU talked it over with his brother officers, and they decided that really one could not fight such a person as M. ERNEST CRÉMIEUX FOA, who, by the way, is also an army officer. The Colonel, too, forbade it, and they all made it a point of honour to obey the Colonel. Now, while they were all sitting at lunch at Meaux, M. ERNEST CRÉMIEUX FOA burst into the room, flourishing a glove, and shouting, "Lieutenant TROCHU, consider yourself 'cuffed,' or words to that effect, and then he threw the glove. What would have happened if the glove had hit Lieutenant TROCHU we are not told. He succeeded in dodging it, and seizing a stick began to belabour M. ERNEST. Then, as when the stick began to beat the dog in the ancient rhyme, they all went by the ears together. M. TROCHU cudgelled M. ERNEST, who again punched his nose and kicked his shins. All the other officers in the mess threw decanters and water-bottles at M. ERNEST. With one accord they rushed upon him. His head was cut open with a syphon. They did at last, after endeavouring to no purpose to throw him out of the window, contrive to turn him into the street, where he stood shouting the odds—namely, twelve to one. In a subsequent interview with a newspaper reporter M. ERNEST allowed that this account, which was given through Lieutenant TROCHU, was substantially correct; but added that what he particularly wished to insist upon was "la lâcheté de ces messieurs," who fell upon a single man in a body. It was certainly not chivalrous. BAYARD would probably not have broken a syphon over the head of a brother officer who was already engaged unarmed with an armed opponent. He would not have done it even if that brother officer had been a Jew—supposing that there had been Jew officers, and syphons, and bad manners, enough in the time of FRANCIS I. to permit of any approach to such a scene as this in the mess-rooms of the men-at-arms. And now, perhaps, the French will begin to revise their notions on the effect of duelling in preventing shindies. In this case the authorities have been compelled to stop an epidemic of absurd duels, and at once we have a whole mess-room of French officers behaving "like porters." A good shower of courts-martial for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman might do no harm; but the decision apparently taken by General LESMAISONS—that is to say, "Least said is soonest mended"—is perhaps judicious.

WHAT ARE VERMIN?

STUDENTS of John Leech's *Pictures of Life and Character* are familiar with his fancy portrait of the champion of a sparrow club, in which the artist endeavoured to expose that hero to public odium; yet no less an authority than Miss Ormerod, the Honorary Consulting Entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society, who loves birds because they eat the insects which she hates, and "would earnestly plead" for the preservation of every kind of them except one, describes the sparrow as an "absolute curse," and avows that she would subscribe "to every sparrow club in the country limited to destruction of this one bird, *Passer domesticus*," if her means permitted of her doing so. She charges it with devouring an immense quantity of corn, and driving away "the swallows and martins, which are amongst the first class of our insect protectors." Now directly opposite evidence was given before the Wild Birds Protection Committee of the House of Commons, although it is but fair to say that a few of the witnesses agreed with Miss Ormerod. A large market-gardener, who had encouraged a sparrow club, said that he found his fruit and vegetables decimated by insects and blight after a grand

slaughter of sparrows, and sighed to have them back again. "What I lose by sparrows," said he, "I consider as wages paid to good servants." A country gentleman bore witness that, by chasing white butterflies, "like a hawk after a heron," a cock-sparrow "kills tens of thousands of the eggs which produce the cabbage caterpillar." A Lincolnshire farmer attributed the utter failure of his thirty acres of gooseberry-trees to his father having killed the sparrows, and many others testified to the virtues of these little birds. We have little doubt, however, that, if all the gardeners in England were to be questioned, there would be an immense preponderance of evidence against them. Miss Ormerod thinks that farmers are pretty equally divided in opinion as to whether rooks do most harm or good, and her own view is that much depends upon "weather, state of land, and crop." Another high authority calculates that fifty rooks will kill worms, insects, and their larvae to the weight of a ton in the course of a year. The American Ornithologists' Union is studying the much-disputed question of the influence of birds for good or evil on farming and fruit-growing, with extraordinary vigour, and its "collection of stomach-contents" of various kinds of birds already exceeds ten thousand. The Society reports that all the smaller birds are either seed-eaters or insect-eaters. A very interesting article on "Wild Birds in relation to Agriculture" has been contributed by Lord Cathcart to the June number of *The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, in which most of the points which we have noticed thus far are mentioned, and it contains abundant evidence of the variety of opinion on the question whether certain birds are or are not vermin. Until a now well-known book by Dr. Darwin appeared, it was thought that any bird or beast which destroyed worms did good; but he showed that the amount of important mechanical labour performed on the farm by the common earth-worm is prodigious. Yet we find people defending birds that kill worms, and certain hawks that kill birds that kill worms, and peregrines that kill hawks that kill birds that kill worms. There are some, again, who defend the gamekeeper that kills the peregrine that kills the hawk that kills the bird that kills the worm, and even some, we fear, who sympathize with the poacher who kills the keeper who kills, &c. &c., and we might go considerably further.

Our only object in telling this long story, of the "cow-with-crumpled-horn" type, is to demonstrate the difficulty of defining what are and what are not vermin. We shall see this still more plainly if we turn from the farmer to the gamekeeper, and observe the advice given to him by Mr. Gerald Lascelles in *Shooting* (Badminton series). For instance, most gamekeepers will kill all jays at which they can get a shot, regarding them as among the most inveterate of egg-stealers. "That these pretty birds are egg-stealers to some extent cannot be denied," says Mr. Lascelles, "but it is very questionable whether they often attack the nests of either partridge or pheasant. Smaller birds, no doubt, suffer much from their depredations." And then he proceeds to defend them on the ground of their being excellent sentinels, as "their repeated screams will serve as a warning to the keeper" when something unusual is going on. "No living creature can stir in the woods undetected by the ever-watchful eye of the jay." The peregrine falcon is another bird which, as a rule, meets with little or no mercy from the gamekeeper. Mr. Lascelles has a good word for him also. "It is certain," he says, "that the presence of a pair of peregrines will keep the ground round their nest clear for miles of every egg-stealing bird, and the benefit that they do in this way," he says, far exceeds any mischief which they may cause among game. There are high authorities, however, who maintain that some of the very hawks which peregrines kill do good work on a moor by destroying weakly and diseased birds. Mr. Lascelles has a favourable word to say for the keeper's pet aversion, the weasel, which "is a deadly foe to mice and to rats, and does much, very much, to keep these pests under," and he declares that the kestrel "very rarely indeed" "seizes a bird of any kind," and is "one of the best 'farmer's friends' in existence." As to the fox, he tells us that a man should "pause long and often ere he allow" him "to be included in the list of 'vermin' under any circumstances whatever," even, we infer, in a non-hunting country. On the other hand, we suppose that few tenant-farmers do not regard hares and rabbits, and, in their heart of hearts, pheasants also, as vermin. Would they not consider apple-stealing boys, again, vermin? though the lads' mothers might be of a

different opinion. Surely, too, they must think fox-hunters, who ride over their young wheat, vermin of a very atrocious kind. The deerstalker looks upon tourists, on a forest, as most obnoxious vermin, and, of a truth, they may do more to spoil his sport than animals which are more usually classed under that denomination. On a forest, also, few vermin are more fatal to sport than grouse, as they warn the deer of the approach of the stalker; yet they may be the only game cherished on a neighbouring, or indeed on a different portion of the same, property.

An article on "Vermin of the Farm," by Mr. J. E. Harding, in the same number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* as Lord Cathcart's, places some of the graminivorous rodents, such as the mole and the hedgehog, "on the list of vermin tentatively"; a very safe proceeding, which might well be followed in the case of several other birds and beasts. Stoats and weasels he likes because they kill rats; and rooks, and crows, because they kill field-mice; and shrews, because they "live upon worms, flies, spiders, moths, beetles, and the larvae of the two last-named species." He urges the encouragement of the cat; a point upon which farmers and gamekeepers differ, perhaps, more than any other; for to the former he is the best of vermin-killers, while to the latter he is the worst of vermin.

A very popular little animal, the squirrel, is of all vermin the most verminous in the eyes of the forester. Called by ladies "a pretty, harmless little thing," he will ruin the appearance of whole plantations of Scotch firs, larch, and sometimes spruce, by eating the tender shoots and gnawing the bark in broad rings round the branches and even the trunks of the trees; he is very destructive, too, to horse-chestnuts, by eating their young buds; he will strip the bark from the branches of lime trees to make his nest with; and he is a prolific breeder. One curious fact about him is that in some districts his mischief is scarcely noticeable, while in others the amount of harm that he does is prodigious. With all his faults, no real lover of the country would like to see him exterminated; and there is scarcely any other animal, whether game or vermin, which a good sportsman would care less to shoot. Another picturesque creature which is regarded as vermin by a certain class is that enemy of the fisherman, the heron. Fishermen equally detest the otter; while otter-hunters would have him as jealously preserved as would the fox-hunter the fox.

If there are doubts and differences of opinion in these days as to what are vermin, there were none in the year 1613, in the July of which a grant was made to one David Lewis, of the great office of Vermynster, or Vermyn-taker, of England. It does not appear very clear whether the Vermynster's appointment was permanent, or whether he "went out with the Government." His orders were plain enough. He was to destroy "foxes, grayes, fichenos, polcates, wisells, stotes, fares, badgers, wildecats, otters, hedgehogges, rattes, mice, mouldewarpe or waute, and other noysome vermine, destroyers of cornes"; also "crows, choughs, or rookes, mertons, furskites, molekites, bussardes, scaggas, cormorants, ringtails, irones or osprayes, wood-wales, pies, jayes, ravens or kightes, kingfishers, bulfinches, and other ravenous birds and noysome fowl, devourers of corn, &c."

Upon the whole, we should be inclined to treat birds and beasts, whether commonly called vermin or otherwise, much in the same manner as the scientific farmer treats gases and minerals; introducing them, using them, or getting rid of them according to the special objects in view and the particular surroundings and circumstances. Too many sparrows may be as obnoxious as too much nitrogen for certain purposes in certain places, while in others plenty of each may be required; and, in a cover overrun with weasels, a keeper may so thoroughly exterminate them that, later on, a few may be wished for to help to get rid of the plague of rats that steal the pheasants' eggs and eat their corn, just as a field that has been over-limed may, as years go on, be the better for another application of it. Farming depends to a great extent for its success upon the accurate adjustment and due proportions of things, both organic and inorganic; and game-preserving upon their subordination to the interests of the particular kinds of game desired by the preserver, and the furtherance of the special methods of killing them which he may please to adopt.

SKETCHES OF STUDENT-LIFE IN MILAN.

MATTERS THEATRICAL.

IF the number of churches, cathedrals, convents, chapels, conservatoires, and opera-houses means anything at all, Italy ought to be the most religious and the most musical country under the sun. As a matter of fact, a more pagan place hardly exists to-day. As for music in general, and singing in particular, it may be stated at once that the amount of labour bestowed on the subject by teachers and pupils alike is in inverse proportion to the results obtained. In either case Italy lives on its reputation, and makes the best of it too. This reputation in matters theatrical is still so important, and the value of an appearance on a first-class Italian theatre is still so great, that for practical purposes it is almost better to make a *capitombolo* at the Scala than a success in London, Vienna, or Paris. Such is, at least, the opinion of some of the biggest showmen who work in North and South America. Altogether, an incredible state of things exists in the Italian theatrical world of to-day, and if it is an ungrateful task to go back to its causes, it may not be without purpose that the working of the *début* system in Italy should be unravelled in all its mysteries. Everywhere else an engagement is a matter between the manager and the artist, or an agent representing the artist. Not so in Italy; whatever the etymology of the word *farabutto* may be, it is nearer *far' un débuto* than anything else; and, in fact, it is almost impossible to make a *début* without the assistance of one of them. What is a *farabutto*? The English equivalent for that euphonious word is simply *blackleg*, but not in the capacity affecting our strikes. A *farabutto* is a sort of all-work blackmailing blackguard; a spy to-day, a card-sharper to-morrow, sponging on everybody, used to kicks, employed by many, despised by everybody. The theatrical profession swarms with *farabutti*, from the *impresario* to the lowest *claqueur*, passing, alas! through the theatrical press. They play into each other's hands or against each other, and it is in this sphere of action that we shall follow them.

Let it be well borne in mind that, whatever lyric Italy has been in days past, she is no more the same to-day, and that her only inheritance exists in the possibility of giving a speedy market-value to an artist. This can be done owing to her exceptional theatrical mechanism. First of all, there is the great number of opera-houses, about 300 in round numbers; then the continuity of the seasons—carnival, Lent, spring, and bathing season; the fairs, and the autumn season. It is easy to see what an enormous number of beginners can be placed on the stage with these opportunities. The theatres may be divided briefly into two classes—municipal and private ones. In the former there is sometimes a subvention, varying from 20*l.* to 8,000*l.*; there may be a subscription, and there is always a *commissione teatrale*—a sort of theatrical Board. In the latter kind there is no subvention; there may be a subscription; but there is no *commissione*. This last institution is a sort of *omnium gatherum* of local elements—doctors, lawyers, grocers, dandies, an officer or two, a municipal representative, a usurer, and a Prince or a Count. Verdi's opinion of the *commissione*—"Inutile in terra, inutile in teatro"—can serve here instead of further explanations.

In any case, the theatre is let empty—i.e. the *impresa* has to provide scenery, costumes, music, orchestra, chorus, &c. As a rule, local people are employed in the orchestra and chorus, and sometimes, in small places, the conductor is engaged by the municipality for a period of years, and has to play the organ, teach music at schools, conduct open-air concerts, and also the operatic season. Generally a deposit is asked for in municipal theatres, or a sum of money is deducted from the eventual subsidy, so as to secure the salaries of the orchestra and chorus against *impresario* freaks. In all municipal theatres, and in many private ones, the majority of boxes are proprietary; hence the *ingresso* system, which consists in charging once for a seat and a second time for the entrance; box proprietors pay only the *ingresso*, or, rather, subscribe to so many entrance tickets for a given season. Any prices can be charged for seats and entrance, and the *impresa* can vary these from day to day at pleasure. Before the beginning of a season, intending *impresarios* are invited by various municipalities to present their projects, or to send in their adhesions to certain stipulated programmes. Sometimes a novelty is asked for, or a certain opera stipulated (*opera d'obbligo*), or

a ballet, or simply a number of performances has to be guaranteed. In the majority of cases the conditions are limited to an *opera d'obbligo* and a number of obligatory performances. The eventual *impresario* does not receive the amount of his subscription until after he has given half of the promised performances. The length of the season varies from eight days (a *stagione di fiera*, for instance) to two months, and the repertory may consist of one opera or twenty accordingly. The average, however, is three operas for a medium season of one month, one obligatory, one "for a change" (*opera di ripiego*), and another *da destinarsi* at the choice of the *impresario*. The last is very often a simple dodge, of which more anon when we return to the *farabutti*. We may mention here only that the titles of the *opera d'obbligo* and *di ripiego* are always announced on the prospectus (*cartellone*), the one of that *da destinarsi* never. We may also add that, if the obligatory opera proves a success, and can have a successful run, there is no need to have recourse to the *opera di ripiego*, and that nobody can compel the manager to put on the one *da destinarsi* if he does not choose to do so. Should, on the contrary, the first two prove a failure, then the *impresa* has always yet the resource of the third, which can be then chosen, according to demand or special arrangements. Such ought to be the rôle of the *opera da destinarsi*, but *quantum mutatus ab illo!* As a rule five performances are given weekly, Monday and Friday being recognized as days for rest (*riposo*). The *impresario*, as can be easily seen, has to please a multitude of people—the municipality first of all, then the public, and, finally, the *commissione*. But the real master of the situation is the publisher and proprietor of scores; he can charge for the hire of an opera what he pleases, he can reject artists or a conductor already engaged, and impose his own protégés; he can withdraw his score as late as the dress rehearsal, he can take exceptions to the costumes and scenery, but not a sheet of music leaves his office without being paid for on the nail. These incredible things happen only during important seasons or productions, and at first-class theatres; but the *protesta* is a terrible arm in everybody's hands. Let us explain. To "protest" an artist, for instance, means to refuse him as a worthy interpreter of a given part; the right of *protesta* belongs to the publisher, to the conductor, to the *commissione*, to the subscribers, to the public at large, and sometimes to the composer. An artist can be protested at any rehearsal—*pianoforte*, partial, or dress rehearsal. In this case a *lettera di protesta*, setting forth the why and the wherefore, duly signed, is forwarded to him. If the *protesta* takes place during the performance no letter is needed to warn the poor wretch of his fate. Forty thousand fiends screeching might be sweet harmony in comparison with what a protesting Italian public is capable of. There is, however, a way, or rather there are ways, of quieting any amount of artistic scruples of the protesting tyrants, and insuring not only a peaceful, but even a successful, run of appearances. But there are no means of insuring oneself against partial or total loss of salary. The system of payment in Italy is, to say the least, peculiar. The salary is so much a season, or so much *per diem*, and is divided into four equal parts called *quartali*; the first is due either on the arrival of the artist (*arrivo in piazza*), or after his third performance (*terza recita*), and the other *quartali* have to follow always in anticipation; but it is a recognized and universally accepted fact that the last *quartale* is invariably lost. So that an *impresario* who engages a company at a cost, say, of 1,000*l.* for his season, spends in reality only 750*l.*, and is considered yet a *galantuomo*. As a rule, *impresarii* start in Italy with enough to go on for one week; if the venture turns out well, they continue; if not, they either bolt, or call the company together, and offer a diminution of salaries, or to carry the season on in partnership (*in società*). In either case, they announce "with much grief" that the company is disbanded (*la compagnia è sciolta*), and if the partnership scheme is accepted, all assemble in the box office after the performance, when accounts are made, and what has not somehow disappeared previously is divided into as many shares as there are partners. This state of things exists in the majority of Italian theatres, and happens scores of times during every season; the exceptions are formed by a small number of subsidized theatres, where the municipality looks sharp after a fair *andamento*, or where there is no earthly reason why things should go wrong. But leave an average Italian *impresario* alone, and he is sure to *imbrogliare* (make a mess of) the finest season. One detail more, and we have done with

explanations. The recognized minimum of performances for a work or an artist is *three*; two performances mean a failure, though four do not mean a success. And now let us back to the *farabutti* and their *operandi modus artesque*.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Hungarian Minister of Finance has published his annual estimates of the world's production of grain this year, together with the world's requirements. The estimates are based upon official returns from the several countries concerned; but it must be recollected that they are only estimates, and consequently may be found to differ from actual facts very considerably by-and-by. Still, the estimates are usually fairly correct, and are received as of much authority in all trade circles, and they are borne out by the estimates of the Austrian Minister of Agriculture, published a day or two afterwards. So far as they go they are highly satisfactory. The total wheat production of the world is said to range between 744 and 755 million hectolitres, which is about equal to last year's yield, and this production is said to exceed the world's requirements by about 12 million hectolitres. The rye crop is estimated at 440 million hectolitres, or about 70 million hectolitres above last year's outturn. If these figures are nearly correct, they remove all doubt respecting the sufficiency of the supplies during the coming twelve months. The estimates are nearly in accordance with those published by Dornbusch. According to this authority, the wheat crops of the world this year amount to 144 million quarters, against 132½ million quarters last year, an increase of about 11½ million quarters. The European importing countries are estimated to have an aggregate crop of about 71 million quarters; while the requirements of those countries amount to about 111½ million quarters, showing a deficiency of about 40½ million quarters. On the other hand, the exporting countries are estimated to have a surplus above their requirements of about 51 million quarters. Thus there would be a total surplus of about 10½ million quarters. The increase this year is entirely in Europe. Although the American crops are large, they are decidedly less than the extraordinary yield of last year, and in the other exporting countries, if there is not a falling off, there is no considerable augmentation. In France it is said the production this year exceeds that of last year by about 7½ million quarters, and there is also an increase in Turkey, the Danubian Provinces, and Russia. On the other hand, there is a lesser production in the United Kingdom, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Spain; but the falling off in the four latter countries is nothing like so great as the increase in the four former. Assuming that the estimates are fairly correct, it seems probable that there will not be the rise in prices that the most careful observers have been anticipating; for not only is there an excess of supply over demand in the present year, but there is a considerable surplus from last year's harvest, at all events in the United States. Many good authorities are of opinion that the high prices which ruled in the summer and early autumn of last year induced India and the smaller exporting countries to send forward all the wheat they had to dispose of. For that reason it is generally expected that in the next twelve months there will be a considerable decrease in the exports from those countries. But, on the other hand, the yield in the United States twelve months ago was exceptionally great, and the fall in prices which began in September checked the exports, so that the final result is that a considerable proportion of last year's crop is still on hand. More important still is the marked increase in the rye crop this year. As our readers are aware, rye is a very important article of food in Russia, Germany, and some other countries, and the rye crop last year was a complete failure in Russia, and was very short in several other countries. If the estimates referred to above are correct, there is a large increase in the rye crop this year; consequently there will be a lesser demand for wheat in Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, and Russia, and it may turn out that the surplus of wheat will be found greater than the figures above represent. But all will depend upon the correctness of the reports from Russia. If there is a decided improvement in the Russian crops of all kinds, then it may be expected that the supplies will so far exceed the demand that prices will advance very little. On the other hand, if the Russian

reports exaggerate the yield, there will probably be before long a considerable improvement in prices. The Russian estimates are based upon Russian official returns, and those are so utterly untrustworthy that we cannot at all depend upon them, especially as private reports are far more unfavourable than the official returns. In any case the likelihood seems to be that there will be no material improvement in prices for some time to come, but early next year it is by no means improbable that prices may advance rapidly.

The silver market has been somewhat more steady this week, the price fluctuating about 38½d. per oz.; but it is only too probable that before long there will be a further sharp fall. Everybody has now come to the conclusion that the American purchases must be stopped before long, and the stoppage of a demand for 54 million ounces every year must necessarily tell upon the price very adversely. The agitation, too, for either the suspension of silver coinage in India or for the adoption of a gold standard is making people very uneasy, as, if the Indian demand is stopped as well as the American, nobody can foresee how far the fall in the metal may go.

The attempt to raise the value of money has broken down. In the open market it is difficult to lend, even for a few days, at ½ per cent. The rate of discount for three months bills is barely 1 per cent. For first-class four months bills the rate is only about 1½ per cent., and for six months bills 2½ per cent. At the Fortnightly Settlement this week, too, there was scarcely any demand for the Stock Exchange, and rates ranged from between 1 per cent. to 1½ per cent. Gold still continues to come in from abroad, and the supply of loanable capital is quite in excess. In spite, therefore, of the stoppage of Sir Titus Salt & Co., and the failure of Redfern, Alexanders, & Co., the market has given way instead of advancing. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of uneasiness. There are rumours, whether well or ill founded, that several banks are privately making compositions with debtors who are unable to pay in full, and there is a strong fear that several other failures are impending. It is only too probable, of course, in the prevailing distrust, with trade depressed, and the silver market so uncertain, that there should be failures from time to time. Fortunately the banks are very strong. Time has been given for all who are in difficulties to make preparations, and the absence of speculation is also a very favourable circumstance. Although, then, failures from time to time are to be expected, there is no reason to look for a serious crisis.

Business upon the Stock Exchange is still growing less and less. There is not much investment, and there is no speculation; even speculation for the fall is on an inconsiderable scale. The great operators in New York seem to have given up in despair the attempt to put up prices. They are beginning to see that the failure of the silver experiment is more serious than they had believed, and the apprehensions existing in Europe are reacting upon them. Besides, the fear is growing that the spread of cholera in Europe will depress trade, and will contract, therefore, the European demand for American produce. Lastly, the fact that the harvests in Europe, though far from good, are yet better than they were last year, has an adverse influence upon the American market. Here at home the public is wisely holding aloof from the American market. It is quite possible, of course, that the American Government may stop the purchases of silver in time, and that the apprehended crisis may, therefore, be averted; but it is to be recollected, on the other hand, that in the existing Congress there is a majority in favour of the free coinage of silver, and that, therefore, it will be exceedingly difficult to carry a Bill for the stoppage of purchases. But if such a Bill cannot be carried, then the necessary legislation will not take place until the new Congress meets on the 4th of March. But the new Congress is not yet elected, and nobody knows whether the majority will be ready to stop the purchases. Upon the Continent the spread of cholera has not as yet had so much effect upon the Bourses as was generally expected. The great bankers and financial houses in Paris are doing their utmost to prevent a fall, and up to the present they have succeeded. The task before them, however, is so difficult, that it is not easy to see how a fall can be long averted. The news from Russia is as bad as it well can be. One of the Russian papers has ventured to say that the finances are in such a state that the Government is considering the

necessity of imposing an Income-tax, and that even with an Income-tax it must go on issuing more inconvertible paper. In Italy there is yet no sign of improvement. In Spain the condition is growing desperate, and the negotiations for the new loan have not yet been brought to completion. In Portugal, again, there is no chance of recovery, and the Government professes itself unable to do more than pay one-third of the interest due from it.

In spite of adverse influences, the home trade keeps wonderfully good, judging by the weekly railway traffic returns. It is now almost two years since the Baring crisis, and yet the traffic returns show increases over last year, when there were increases over the year before. This is the more remarkable because the agricultural outlook is decidedly bad. Wheat is cheaper than ever it has been before, and the harvest is bad. The hay crop was a failure, food for cattle is scarce and dear, prices of cattle are low, especially prices for sheep. Compared with three years ago, sheep are now about 18s. per head cheaper, and, according to the summary of the agricultural returns published last week, there has been a decrease in the number of pigs during the past twelve months of three-quarters of a million, or about 26 per cent.

Silver securities have not changed much during the week, but the movements have generally been downward. Thus Rupee paper closed on Thursday afternoon at 63½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; but Mexican Sixes closed at 80½, a fall of 1½. Amongst Home Railway stocks the passenger lines have been fairly well maintained or slightly advanced, while there is a decline in the stocks of the heavy lines. Thus Great Western closed on Thursday at 165½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 105, a fall of 1½; and North-Eastern closed at 156, a fall of 1½. In the American market there is a general and pretty sharp decline. Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 38, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. Erie closed at 26½, a fall of 2½, and Union Pacific closed at 38½, also a fall of 2½. These are all speculative securities, and in no circumstances should be touched by investors. Amongst dividend-paying stocks Louisville and Nashville closed on Thursday at 68½, a fall for the week of 1½; New York Central closed at 114, a fall of 1½; and Lake Shore closed at 136½, a fall of 1½. The quotations of the active securities are, according to transactions after business hours, in the "Street." Argentine securities declined slightly. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary stock closed on Thursday afternoon at 118-20, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at 62, a fall of 1½, and the Funding Loan closed at 56, a fall of ½. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 63½, a fall of 1. In inter-Bourse securities the movements have not been considerable during the week. Hungarian closed on Thursday at 93½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½, but French Rentes closed at 99½, a rise of ½.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS AT CAIRO.

THE Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Arab art have just issued their Seventh Annual Report, in which the work accomplished in 1891 is recorded in numerous *procès-verbaux* and memoirs of the Committee of Inspection. They have good reason to be proud of their achievements during the past ten years. The Commission was instituted in December 1881 by the late Khedive, but the political troubles of the following year prevented any practical work. In 1883, however, it was in active operation, and since then, except during the hot season, most of the members have met fairly regularly, and have done their best to carry out the duties laid upon them. These are, first, to make an inventory of all existing Arab monuments in Cairo (and now, it appears, in all Egypt) which possess an artistic or historical importance; secondly, to decide what repairs are needed in the ever-crumbling buildings of mediæval Cairo, and to see by constant inspection that their recommendations are properly carried into effect; thirdly, to preserve in their library plans and photographs of the monuments surveyed, and records of the observations and identifications and inscriptions noted in their periodical inspections; and lastly, to remove to the Museum of Arab Art any objects of art which cannot be safely pre-

served in their original situations. In order to carry out these instructions the Commission are endowed with considerable powers. Their natural enemies—save for the intervention of British officials—are the Board of Works and *Tanzim*, who used to take a delight in running a new street through a series of precious monuments, and in pulling down a unique specimen of Saracenic architecture, on some ridiculous plea of the public safety, or merely the convenience of the *arabiyas* or Cairo cabs—witness the wanton destruction of the mosque of Kúsún. Another foe is the Cairo shopkeeper, who loves to stick his hut like a limpet against the façade of a mosque. All these the Commission have fought successfully. The Board of Works and *Tanzim* have been repeatedly brought to book, and no shopkeeper or private proprietor is allowed to lay a brick against an historical monument unless the Commission have satisfied themselves that no injury is involved. If he disobeys orders, he is sued and fined and made to undo his mischief. We find ample evidence in the Report of the careful exercise of this control. A more difficult body to deal with is the Department of Wakfs, or, as they call it in Turkey, *Vakoufs*. This has control over all the religious endowments, and, in its zeal for the due encouragement of public worship, it is apt to overlook the damage which its alterations may inflict upon historical mosques and colleges. By making the Minister of Wakfs, however, President of the Commission, the department has been more or less muzzled; and in the same way the Board of Works was conciliated and brought into touch by the addition of Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff to the *personnel* of the Commission.

It would, indeed, be difficult to pick out a stronger or more representative body of men than those who formed the Commission at the date of the publication of the Report. Besides Aly Pasha Riza, the Director-General of Wakfs, and Sir C. Scott-Moncrieff, Minister of Works, they included Yakub Pasha Artin, Under-Secretary of Public Instruction, a highly-cultivated man; Mustafa Pasha Fehmy, President of the Council; Tigrane Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Franz Pasha, the ex-architect of the Wakfs Department, and a first-rate authority on Saracenic architecture; Dr. Vollers, the Khedive's librarian; M. Grébaut, Director of the Giza Museum, and other influential persons; whilst the support of lovers of Arab art in Paris, Berlin, and London is invited by the addition of honorary members. A Commission so constituted is able to hold its own against most of the opposition which it is bound to encounter in the unæsthetic bureaucracy of Egypt.

The great difficulty is want of funds. The Egyptian Government provides an annual grant of 4,000*l.* E., which is wholly inadequate to the pressing needs of the decaying monuments over which the Commission keeps watch and ward. Their office expenses are extremely moderate. Including the salary of their architect, M. Herz, who must be, and is, a skilled man, the cost of management only comes to 600*l.* E. a year. The rest of the money goes in repairs, of which the major part consist in small but very essential patching and shoring-up, whereby a great many walls and minarets have been saved from catastrophe. When it is remembered that there are about eight hundred historical monuments in Cairo registered as worthy of preservation, it stands to reason that 10*l.* for one, and 20*l.* for another, and 100*l.* for a third, and so on, soon absorb the Commission's funds. In some cases, where the repairs are required as much for the service of the mosque as for the interests of art, the Department of Wakfs joins in the expense. For example, the restoration of the mosque of El-Muayyad for congregational use is mainly paid for by the Wakfs, and so is part of the cost of repairing the Barkúkiya, in the well-known Nabhásin. About the largest sums paid by the Commission were 800*l.* for the repair of the mosque of Jemál-ed-dín the Ustád-dár in the Jemaliya, 680*l.* for that of the Kády Yahyá Zeyn-ed-din, near the Musky, and 1,000*l.* for the repair of the magnificent old mosque of Ibn-Túlún, which sorely needed attention. But these are exceptional. The greater number of payments are small sums for pressing repairs. If the Commission had more money they would attempt larger works; and it might be suggested to the countless tourists who will soon be visiting Cairo that they might do worse than send their thank-offerings to the secretary.

In spite of their poverty, the Commission have done signal service to the cause of art during the past year. In 1890 they dealt with some fifty monuments, some of the first importance, and all in urgent need of supervision. In

1891 they executed or began repairs in about forty monuments, besides reporting on numerous other buildings which will come on for overhauling in their turn, and periodically inspecting the stability of various mosques which have already been strengthened. It should be noted that, not only the sacred buildings, but also schools, fountains, *wekálas*, and historical houses and palaces come within the province of the Commission. We observe that, besides mosques like those of Ibn-Túlún, Barkúk, El-Muayyad, En-Nasir in the Citadel, El-Mihmendár, El-Akmar, El-Ghúry, El-Guyúshy, Emir El-Kebir, Kaít Bey, Aydemer, Suyurghatmish, Melika Safiya, the curious Khanga of Beybars, Jáshenkir, &c., they attended to the fine *wekála* and *sebil* of Kaít Bey, by the Azhar, the palaces of Beybars, Emir Táz, Beshtak, and Berdak, the fountains of Mahmúd and Ketkhudá, the aqueduct of Saladin, and the singular building near the "Gate of Victory" known as the Burj ez-Zafar.

We are glad to see that the Commission do not confine their supervision to the monuments of Cairo alone, although they necessarily form their chief care. There are a good many interesting Saracenic buildings scattered over the delta and up the Nile which deserve preservation, and it is clear from the Report that the Commission is alive to their importance. We find that the architect has furnished reports from various country towns. Gírga, Kós, Tanta, Mehalla, and Medinet el-Fayyúm, come under notice. There is an exceedingly interesting report on the mosque of Sitta Khawend, widow of the well-known Mameluke Sultan Kaít Bey, in the Fayyúm, founded in 1494, which the Commission have undertaken to put and keep in order. Another memoir by M. Herz is also valuable. It treats of the charming mosque of Abu-Bekr Mazhar El-Ansari in the Marghúsh—a richly decorated monument, unknown to most visitors to Cairo, but built in the time of Kaít Bey, and full of exquisite carvings, mosaics, and marble and porphyry dados, in the style of that admirable period of Saracenic art. The memoir is illustrated by some fair drawings which add considerably to the interest of the Report. There are also plans and elevations of the Burj ez-Zafar. Considering their financial disabilities, the Commission have performed their duties with zeal and discretion, and deserve the gratitude of all lovers of the exquisite art which they are striving to preserve from destruction.

RACING.

MOST glorious was the weather last week at York, indeed the heat on the first two days was almost too great, but the Thursday was perfection. It is true that the three-year-old contests, which have before now thrown considerable light upon the St. Leger, were almost devoid of interest. As Dunure was only opposed by an animal so notoriously wanting in stamina as Salamones is known to be, his gallop in the Great Yorkshire Stakes could hardly be considered a trial for the Doncaster races. But of Dunure anon—when we review the probable competitors for the St. Leger. In the Prince of Wales's Plate Queen of Navarre won by a neck from Ravensbury, a colt that we had a good word for after Liverpool; but we are of opinion that he was a bit unlucky to be beaten on this occasion, and still think that he will make a good horse. The Yorkshire Oaks gave us one of the finest races ever seen, as Gantlet, who showed at Stockton that she was returning to her two-year-old form, won by a neck, carrying 8 st. 11 lbs., from Lady Hermit, 9 st. 3 lbs., with Broad Corrie, 9 st., a head behind the second. J. Watts, M. Cannon, and F. Webb, three of the best jockeys in existence, were the respective riders, and it was a treat to witness the finish; but the form of the animals is probably quite a stone behind the best of the year, as La Flèche made an example of Broad Corrie at Goodwood, giving her 7 lbs. The Great Ebor Handicap brought out an excellent field of fourteen, of which the unlucky St. Benedict was favourite, though Alice was heavily backed. It was rumoured, and, indeed, currently believed, a short time before the race that Alice would not start, as her owner had been forestalled in the market, but it is equally sure that the stable had secured some good bets about the mare. She carried her 9 st. burden to victory very easily indeed, and although the supporters of St. Benedict allege that he was much hampered, so much so as to prevent his winning, we cannot

agree with them, as we consider that Alice won with considerable ease. Readers of these articles, perhaps, will remember that Alice has always been held in high estimation by us, and that in reviewing the Spring Handicaps we selected Alice for the City and Suburban, for which she carried 7 st. 9 lbs., but her starting price, 100 to 1, did not tell of much stable confidence. Buccaneer won that event with 7 st. 10 lbs., and we are curious to see what view the framer of the Ayrshire Handicap will take of their respective merits in this week's *Calendar*. The time-honoured Gimcrack Stakes was won by that honest staying colt, Peppercorn, bred by his owner, Mr. James Joicey, by his own horse Peppermint. Mr. Joicey won this race last year with Therapia. Peppermint is proving himself an excellent sire, and we heartily congratulate his straightforward owner on his possession. Lord Bradford's Drill, who was second, in receipt of 13 lbs. from Peppercorn, was unfortunately cut under her knee, or perhaps she might have won. She is a nice filly, by Chippendale out of Manœuvre (Sir Hugo's dam). Mr. Redfern owns a very powerful short-legged colt in Philanthropist, who secured two races in easy fashion. He is by Philammon out of Octavia, and will make a second Yard Arm for his owner. He appears a trifle short in his neck, and his shoulders look heavy, but these will fine down in time.

The Doncaster programme lies before us, and a formidable array of names it possesses. The Fitzwilliam Stakes has an unusually large entry, there being forty-four subscribers. The allowances for selling prices make it almost like a handicap, and we are rather plunging in the dark when we select Ram Lal as a likely winner. The Great Yorkshire Handicap, with its sixty-five subscribers, has obtained twenty-seven acceptances. We have such a high opinion of Lauriscope that we should fancy him very much if he runs, though the raising of the weights 11 lbs. is not in his favour. The Hudson, too, may improve on his Ebor form.

The Clumber Plate, for all ages, has twenty entries, and will be interesting if Wrinkles, Newmarket, Cabin Boy, and Philanthropist are in opposition. We incline to the chance of the last named. Lady Bob should beat La Belle Siffleuse in the Filly Stakes; but the Champagne Stakes is far and away the most interesting two-year-old race in the programme. For this good stake we may see Buckingham returned the winner, and for the Tattersall Sale Stakes our fancy is for Fearlar. The St. Leger is always a most interesting race, and, though the field will not be very large on this occasion, yet the race itself has caused a considerable amount of speculation. We do not necessarily mean that the actual betting has been very heavy, but that hundreds and hundreds who never make a bet have discussed the prospects of the likely runners with animation. We will take the probable starters from the order of their entry in the official volume of "Races to Come." Lord Bradford's Sir Hugo, as we all know, created a great surprise to the public when he won the Derby, starting at 40 to 1. He may have had the luck of the race, but he won in handsome fashion. He is a fine lengthy colt, a St. Leger horse all over, and we have throughout the piece selected him as the probable winner. His trainer, T. Wadlow, we know fancies that La Flèche will turn the tables on him at Doncaster, so this is not very encouraging to us; but, on the other hand, Weldon, who rode him in the Two Thousand, and who would have preferred to have ridden him instead of Thessalian in the Derby, is very sanguine that he will ride him to victory on Wednesday next. It is reported that the speculating connexions of the stable have supported him to win a large stake, and as we selected him when 8 to 1 was obtainable we shall not desert him now that he is second favourite at 5 to 1. May Duke is a fine lengthy colt, the property of "Mr. John Charlton," and he has won four races this season without having been beaten. He is said to be far superior to his stable-companion the useful Tanzmeister, who has also shown good form; still, May Duke's performance at Ascot with Versailles does not, in our opinion, suggest that he is the best colt of his year. At Ascot Dunure was unplaced, but he was not in form at that time. Mr. W. Cooper's The Lover is the next on the list. This horse has good form to recommend him, and since he recovered from his unfortunate fall at Ascot, whilst running in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, he has done a real good preparation. He is a fine powerful colt, and we fancy will prove a stayer, even though his sire, Charibert, has not a

character for breeding long-distance runners. It may be remembered that when he was quoted at 25 to 1 we wrote that we considered him a good outsider at that price, especially for a place; he has seen good hedging, as he is at half the price for a place now. Baron de Hirsch will have two candidates in the field, the game La Flèche, and the enormous Watercress. The former, as will be well remembered, was a most sensational yearling—being a sister to Memoir—her price was 5,500 guineas at the Hampton Court sale, and a very cheap purchase she has proved to be, as she has won the Oaks and One Thousand Guineas, besides other valuable stakes. She was second in the Derby to Sir Hugo, but, perhaps, is much improved since then. September is the "mares' month"; but possibly she will not improved so much or any more than Sir Hugo. Of her gameness there is no question, and her action is marvellous; but she is a trifle undersized. In contrast, her stable-companion Watercress is an immense colt, standing, we should guess, 16'3, with great substance and length. Being a June foal, his admirers argue that he is more likely to improve than his rivals. He won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot very cleverly, and he beat Sir Hugo on the same battle-ground over one mile, where St. Angelo cantered away from both; but we cannot think the Derby winner gave his true form on that hard ground. Sir R. Jardine will be represented by the Ormonde colt Llanthony, who, however, in our humble opinion, is lacking in class. Mr. Milner's St. Angelo is said to be a doubtful starter, rumour asserting that he will be reserved for the Great Lancashire Stakes at Manchester; but he is a colt of great speed, and has possibly been unlucky in his races. If he runs he will assuredly take his own part—that is, if he is fit and well, but at the present moment adverse rumours as to his soundness are afloat.

Colonel North will be represented by El Diablo, a horse that did not seem to us in the spring to have made much improvement since his two-year-old days. Mornington Cannon will ride him, which is in his favour; and this reminds us that we have accidentally omitted Mr. Houldsworth's Dunure, a charming brown colt by St. Simon out of Sunrise. Dunure seems to be improving, and we know that his owner fancies he has a great chance; moreover, his usual jockey, M. Cannon, would much prefer to ride this colt than his presumed mount, El Diablo; indeed, that excellent jockey has said that, with the exception of Orme, he would rather ride Dunure than any other horse in the race. It is doubtful if The Smew runs, as she met with a slight accident a short time ago. At one time W. Jarvis looked like providing three starters in this filly, St. Damien, and Bonavista, and it is most singular that all three should be prevented from starting. Prince Soltykoff's Curio has also been amiss from a cracked heel, and, though he may start, his chance will have been considerably minimized by his enforced idleness. And last, but by no means least, we come to the name of the sensational Orme. All the world knows of his mysterious illness in the spring, whereby he could not start for the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby. In fact, he was so ill that his life was almost despaired of, and his trainer told us, in the Two Thousand week, that he hardly hoped to get him to the post this year; but Orme must have a marvellous constitution, for he was able to win the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, and again to score in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. At that time he was decidedly light, and could not have been at his best; but he is said to have improved in a wonderful manner—indeed, we heard this from one who has just seen him—so that if he is all his admirers vow he will win the great Northern race with ease; but we have our doubts on the point. He is unquestionably the gamest of the game, and his victory will be most popular; but, having thrown in our lot some weeks ago for Sir Hugo, we shall stick to our guns, and go for the Derby winner, expecting The Lover to run forward and secure a place.

REVIEWS.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.*

IT will be rather curious to see whether the taboo on Landor's prose work which has been bewailed by critics will be removed by the publication of Mr. Crump's edition. It is pretty;

* *Imaginary Conversations*. By Walter Savage Landor. Edited by C. G. Crump. 6 vols. London: Dent.

it is handy; it is decidedly cheap; it is well, though not always accurately, printed; it presents a considerable, though not an exhaustive, collection of the variants which Landor's constant rehandling of his work occasioned; and it is very fairly, if not impeccably, edited. There remains no such excuse as used to be drawn from the unattainableness of the original issues and from the cumbrousness in different ways of the collections of 1846 and 1876. If the public will not read at least the *Conversations* now, it never will as far as advantages of mechanical presentations go. Will it read them or not?

To this question we shall attempt no direct answer, having neither gift nor fancy for prophecy. Landor is a subject eminently fitted for the gymnastics of "Societies" and for the construction of dictionaries like that famous one recently manufactured by Dr. Berdoe for a great friend of Landor's own. "Lady Rockminster has took him up"—that is to say, Mr. Colvin and other persons have impressed on the public how wicked it is not to read him. Perhaps it is not superfluous at this moment for those who have not needed these exhortations, but have, on the contrary, been long acquainted with him, to say something as to the effect of a critical re-reading, not for the first or the second time, of these curious compositions. Of Mr. Crump's own work it is not necessary to say much, more particularly as he abstains, on the whole, very commendably from putting himself forward. Much of what he has done is well done; and the faults of that part of it which is not well done are neither numerous nor heinous. He has done a distinct service in thus presenting Landor. And so leave we to speak of Mr. Crump.

There can, we think, be little doubt that by the *Conversations* Landor's fame must stand or fall. He has done in verse work far more exquisite than any that he has done in prose, but the bulk of that work is not large, and unluckily is scattered over, or drowned in, other poetical work the bulk of which is enormous and the average merit of which is far from excellent. There are a few incomparable trifles among thousands of trifles very comparable with other things, and, as a rule, comparable with them at a loss; some magnificent fragments, and passages of long poems which are dull and heavy as a whole. This is a severe, but scarcely an unjust, verdict on Landor's poetical work. It is important, too, to remember that by his own confession large parts of that work consist of rhymed, or rhythmized, conversations. It is in the management of the prose conversation, as such, that Landor's idiosyncrasy, his special appeal, must lie. He did not, of course, invent it, and he owes a heavy debt to predecessors, to some of whom he is (for a person who affected so high a standard of chivalry, and who, to do him justice, was in some ways so really chivalrous) not particularly just, and very particularly less than gracious. But no author of this century has worked the conversation with such a combination of industry, ability, and, as far as subject goes, versatility. These six volumes contain something like two thousand five hundred pages, and they are printed with the smallest type and in the closest arrangement compatible with a clear and pleasant appearance. Printed in the old "Library" fashion, on the usual octavo page of a "Classic," they would overrun the dozen, and advance towards the score, of volumes. It may be questioned whether any man has ever had, or rather taken (for it cannot be said that the encouragement shown to Landor, either by the publishers or the public, was warm), such ample room and verge for exercising himself in his favourite game with every possible variety of material, subject, and theme.

As one turns over the vast collection of *Conversations* proper, even excluding the "Examination of Shakspeare," the "Pericles and Aspasia," and the "Pentameron," it is not surprising that the ingenuity of editors has endeavoured to classify them in some way or other. The ingenious Mr. Foster's classification is rather like that of the irregular botanist who proposed to classify flowers into blue flowers, red flowers, yellow flowers, and so on; its headings "Sovereigns and Statesmen," "Literary Men," "Greeks and Romans," and so forth, are inevitably cross-divisions. They confess their inadequacy by inviting and necessitating a huge "Miscellaneous" appendix. Mr. Colvin's projected "Dramatic" and "Non-dramatic" suggests a battle-royal as to the actual arrangement, and Mr. Crump's (who hints doubts as to Mr. Colvin's) into "Controversial," "Contemplative," and "Critical," chiefly suggests "I love my love with a C." The fact seems to us to be that attempts to classify the *Conversations* are altogether futile. Landor was a man of extraordinary gifts of expression and of no small reading. He had a wide range of interests, if not perhaps so wide a range of actual comprehension as he and some of his admirers would have us think. He was not strongly called to any distinct line of composition, and he was strongly called to a series of irregular deliverances on anything that occurred to him. His ungovernableness made the ordinary channels of news-

paper and magazine writing impossible to him, and the form of the Conversation had peculiar attractions. He was absolutely unlimited in choice of subject; he had a quasi-dramatic freedom of putting his sentiments into anybody's mouth that pleased him; and he had not the slightest responsibility as to the form and plan of his work. For the truth is that, much as we hear of Landor's classical severity, he was the most Romantic of Romantics in his disregard of the definite shaping and orderly handling of a theme. What he seems principally to have wished to do was to give his opinions on everything under the sun. He had such unbounded confidence in giving them, and the form in which they were couched was frequently so admirable, that his own estimate of his own wisdom seems to have imposed itself upon his admirers. At the risk of anathema from Mr. Crump and maranatha from Mr. Colvin, we shall say that to us Landor's "wisdom" in the literary sense seems to be very little above the admittedly negative degree of that quality which characterized his life. On some of the greater and simpler problems of life on which almost every man feels justly, but on which most men have not the faculty of expressing themselves, his matchless faculty of expression makes him admirable. His perusal of the classics, the great store of just and true common-places, stocked him with these, to be fresh expressed in his own splendid language. But wherever judgment is required, wherever a case has to be weighed and an opinion to be formed, be it on politics, on religion, on economics, on literary criticism, Landor's judgments, stripped of their gorgeous robes, are simply babyish—they are the judgments of that minority or majority of babes and sucklings out of whose mouth no wisdom at all is ordained.

The result of this is the strangest conglomeration of bosh and beauty, of something near to the sublime and something more than near to the ridiculous, that can be found in literature. When Landor would be humorous he is almost always ghastly. Mr. Colvin—his doughtiest knight—has seen this fully, and acknowledged it partially, and it is impossible to believe that there can be two opinions on the subject among competent and not ironically speaking judges. Occasionally it is quite impossible to make out what Landor is driving at, whether he is sarcastic, or serious, or simply idiotic. Take, for instance, that conversation between the Duke of Richelieu and others which Mr. Colvin, obviously uneasy, dismisses as "very long, rambling, and heterogeneous." If we translate this apologetic rebuke into "the most intolerable and incomprehensible stuff ever written by a man of genius," we shall not go much too far. The same faithful squire or knight admits in Landor's girls a note of "false innocence and flirting archness." Say "sheer namby-paminess and sheer vulgarity," and you come nearer the mark. "The conversations between Pitt and Canning, Villèle and Corbière, Dom Miguel and his mother," "give vent more or less felicitously," says the ever-cautious Keeper of the Prints, "to his illimitable contempt for ministers and ruling families"—say "exhibit the depths of bad taste and folly to which a combination of prejudice and ignorance can lead a man," and it will be about true.

And yet with all these heavy drawbacks—drawbacks which make the reading of Landor for any but critical purposes by any but critical readers a process less of skips than of leaps and bounds—that the "Pentameron," at least, is *merum nectar*, if not *merum sal*, is indisputable. Put aside a little of the "archness," the "giggly, missish" quality of the "Leontion and Ternissa," and it will come almost second. The most enthusiastic Landorian cannot overpraise the terror and splendour of the picture of Numantia in "Metellus and Marius." Although the dialogues of literary criticism have as a rule been much overvalued, and are often injured by Landor's whimsies and his half-knowledge, they contain personal appreciations which are from such a man precious as correctives. The "Marcellus and Hannibal," though striking a little into that *style noble* wherein Landor corruptly followed the ancients, and which, though he would have excommunicated any living man who had suggested it, undoubtedly brings him now and then near to the French classical school, is almost the masterpiece of its kind. In the "Penn and Peterborough" there is a nearer approach both to real humour and to real wisdom than in any other.

But in truth, what we have read and shall continue to read Landor for, if we are wise, is almost everywhere. It is his incomparable style and expression. It may be that he is not, on the whole, an encouraging example for those who descend on the preservative virtues of style. It has certainly, in his case, rather warned off the general public than attracted them; and it is not entirely certain that it was not something of a snare to himself, by inducing him to formulate with all the greater confidence opinions which were valueless in a style which was invaluable. Some of the Landorian things, indeed, which are most valued by some seem to us paste and not diamond. Such, for instance, is

the string of short sentences about Byron. They are the tricks by which, both then and before and since, men have acquired the reputation of cleverness by simply running their thought, or what did duty with them for thought, into unfamiliar and striking moulds. Even Mr. Colvin extols (it is true that this was in verse) as the most weighty and pointed of all his epigrams something which is a not very skillful amplification of the remark made by one Touchstone on the way in which the knight's honour remained unscathed, notwithstanding his erroneous oath about the mustard and the beef. But Landor has far better things than these. In his worst conversations he strikes the false note so clearly that it will warn any one off; in his best there are things which would make one gladly read the worst a dozen times over.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

WHY Mr. James Payn's latest novel is entitled *A Modern Dick Whittington*, seeing that any other title could scarcely be more inappropriate, is a question that must needs perplex readers who admire felicity of phrase even in titles. Between the old legend and Mr. Payn's story there is hardly one point of analogy. The story's the thing, however, and in most respects it well represents Mr. Payn's brightness of invention and ingenuity of plotting. Like almost all the stories of this prolific and versatile writer, it interests and entertains in that pleasant and persuasive fashion of entertainment that prevailed when books were not, and you think not of a book and its readers, but rather of the familiar relations of the primitive story-teller and his hearers. How this good accord is established is, we are well aware, a matter not easily to be defined, though its influence is not to be denied. There is something of a spell in this personal influence, and it is undoubtedly an extremely important element in the telling of a story. Through its soothing power you are indisposed to risk the imputation of ingratitude, which would certainly disturb your conscience if too curious an examination were to be made of the material of Mr. Payn's story. There is nothing particularly new or exciting in the staple of it nor in the development. There is a case of poisoning, for instance, detected in time and followed by the suicide of the criminal, which differs not from a number of similar mysteries in fiction. The villain of the story is not exceptionally villainous in action or character. There is a naughty but elegant baronet, of whose charm of manner it is neatly observed, "It was inadequately described as capable of luring the bird from the bough—it could lure her from her very nest." Sir Charles Walden is not precisely an addition to the portraiture of the titled wicked in fiction. But he, and the rest of the characters, are presented with admirable freshness and vivacity in Mr. Payn's moving story. These persons all live, however various their degrees of vivacity, and are not as cunningly carved figures pushed up and down or across a chess-board. Laurence Merridew—the hero, we assume, of Whittingtonian aspirations—is a member of a queer household, presided over by a grandfather, a retired Indian official, a kind of Nabob who occupies an imposing Orientalized mansion in Cornwall, living like an exiled satrap in gorgeous and uncomfortable splendour. The incongruity of house and inhabitants is excellently revealed in the humorous description of the fat old Nabob, "more like some pagod than a man," the scheming uncle Robert who tyrannizes over the unhappy Laurence, the singular *malade imaginaire* of an aunt, and her equally strange sisters-in-law. The Nabob was so very great a man in the East that Sir Charles asks if he might not be "the Grand Llama," as if he were thinking of the American beast and not of the spiritual lord of Thibet. And the baronet ought to have known, for he is said to have been a great traveller. But Sir Charles is a good fellow, despite his cynical ways and somewhat scandalous conduct. He rescues Laurence from domestic thralldom, and gratifies his ambition by arranging with a friendly editor in London for the favourable reception of his minor poetry and stories. Altogether he is a better friend, as the sequel shows, than these pleasing offices prove, and if the

little game he plays is not strictly honourable, it is, like the whole plotting of the story, exceedingly lively.

Suspected is a Dutch story, possibly, it seems, Dutch in authorship, as well as in scene and character. It is marked by unmistakable power and a command of dramatic effect by no means common. The characters, too, are carefully drawn. The heroine, in particular, is a striking study of a woman whose loyalty to her lover is tried in strange ways by fate. The story of her experiences and conduct reveals, indeed, curiously sympathetic insight into the subtle weblike complications of impulse and intuition which the simple average man regards as the common fruits of feminine caprice and unreason. Anna is a much-tried young woman. She has two suitors, one of whom is a gallant and handsome naval officer, and the other is the scampish young squire of the neighbourhood. It is a case of Hyperion to a satyr. She accepts the showy and inferior man, and is forced to undergo times of suffering, caught in toils of her own weaving, as strange and contrary as any that are chronicled of the course of true love. With admirable truth is the emotional drama presented; especially with regard to the odd perversity of this woman's faith in an ideal she has long known to be illusionary, and the still stranger inspiration that moves her to acknowledge as 'hero and victor the man she has suspected, and does still suspect, of the murder of her lover. The story is told without the least assumption of the intervening commentator, or the airs of a moral philosopher. It has the *simplicité simple* of style which is the negation of manner.

That the average woman is more gifted in tact than the average man is, we believe, a generally accepted truism, in accordance with the popular method of estimating the truth of a statement by the persistency of the printed iteration of it. Certainly we have noted the assertion in one form or another in a very large number of the novels that have come before us for many years past. It is somewhat refreshing, therefore, since the experience of observation, which is the only possible test of the truth, leaves us sceptical, to find in *A Girl Diplomatist* an entertaining demonstration of the faith that is in us. Miss Mabel Wotton may, of course, have "built better than she knew," but her story certainly tends to show, not unplausibly, that though women may think themselves meet for diplomacy, yet diplomacy is not for woman. Miss Barbara Thorpe is a serious and high-toned young lady with a noble determination to put to practical use her conviction that the sphere of woman needs expansion. The diplomatic profession is her absorbing admiration. Her first and only essay—and this is the humour of it—is to some extent an unconscious one, yet it results in a terrible imbroglio and a deserting lover and a well-nigh broken heart. Since he plays a somewhat priggish part we should regret his desertion not a jot, if she were not a charming girl. It all comes right in the end, but it is worth recording of this girl diplomatist that when she first meets her lover, who is a literary gent, she unwittingly denounces to his face and in strong terms the wickedness and disgusting lack of proper principles of a certain book he has written.

Towards ghost stories we must own to a disposition that is naturally most amiable, nay conciliatory. We do not loathe the profane vulgar more than we pity the incredulous one. It was grievous therefore not to find among all the spectres of *The Haunted House of Chilka* a first-class ghost, and the disappointment is intensified by the excellent opening of the story, which leaves the reader agog for fearsome manifestations. What we have is a kind of nightmare, and of a type that most people who dream have experienced. And it bears the evident marks of the improver, and of having been pieced together to a sort of coherency to make a shadow of a story. You fall asleep in a lonely house, a deserted and ruinous Indian house, a bungalow, perchance, after a private examination that reveals certain relics of former occupiers—a work-frame, a portrait, and so forth. Of these you meditate, and are suddenly awakened to find the whole place ablaze with light, and a ball in full progress. All this is excellently set forth by Colonel Skottowe, and is admirably true of the person who suffers a "nightmare rest, chest-pressed." Then the pursuit of the mysterious and lovely Marian from festive room to room is capital—you always are searching for an elusive something in a nightmare, and you wake with a horrid and lingering thrill. But, somehow, the reading of Colonel Skottowe's story moves us not at all in this fashion.

"*But Men must Work*" is a story we are fain to discuss with sympathy, simply because, as regards literary execution, it is a creditable piece of work. Miss Carey's story shows some thought and care in the design, and is also anything but ordinary in style and aim. Yet there is something of unreality in the fundamental *motif* of the story that produces a weakening effect. We may admit that a young lady with an exalted sense of duty and honour might break off an engagement on the ground that she

* *A Modern Dick Whittington*. By James Payn. 2 vols. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

Suspected. By Louisa Stratenus. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1892.

A Girl Diplomatist. By Mabel E. Wotton. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1892.

The Haunted House of Chilka. By Colonel C. F. J. Skottowe. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

"*But Men must Work*." By Rosa N. Carey. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

Branksome Den. By Hugh Mulleneux Walmsley. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

In Part to Blame. By Haine Whyte. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

Norah Grey. By L. Hartley. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

believes her brother is a fratricide and the union would disgrace her lover. But when, subsequently, her sister, younger and self-willed, follows her example, the improbability assumes monstrous proportions. And what makes the situation more intangible is that there was absolutely no evidence against the brother—nothing, indeed, but suspicion.

Branksome Dene is described as a "Sea Tale," and of sea-fights during the French war at the beginning of the century its melodramatic course includes a fair amount. But it bristles with other affairs and incidents both surprising and varied in which smugglers, preventive men, Corsicans, play lively parts, if not always persuasively. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether a naval officer should be summoned by the Government with a view to undertaking certain secret service and decline the commission because he had been privately admonished that it involved "certain capture, perhaps death," and was determined that his enemy and rival should run the risk. This little plot succeeds, so far as the commission is concerned, but we are not told how and by what means the job was done.

Melodrama of a more pronounced type, decidedly stagey in fact, is the staple of *In Part to Blame*. The villain of the piece is an adventurer, known as Don Freitas, in search of an heiress, who ends a career of crime by being paid in his own coin. He is gulled in the matter of the heiress, and, being trapped at last, expresses himself in genuine old Adelphi terms:—"A pretty sort of wife you are to help to make your own husband a prisoner. I see my mistake too late, miserable girl; and, if these men by their false swearing and evil machinations bring Don Freitas to the gallows, on your false head, Clarita, will be his blood!"

Norah Grey reveals so absolute a lack of capacity and experience, and is altogether so frankly and unconsciously childish in its imaginings of life, it is impossible to regard it seriously. Two curates figure in its pages who wear "fine black coats" and "guinea boots"!

AMERICAN HISTORY.*

OF the four books on American history now on the "cloth of judgment," as the Spaniard calls it, before us, all are not equally new, nor is the appearance of all equally justified. The earlier volumes of Mr. Schouler's four have appeared at irregular intervals since 1882. Of Mr. Adams's six we shall speak further; and, although it also will be discussed on its merits, we may say at once that the letters of Wait Winthrop appear to be hardly of sufficient intrinsic merit to require publication by an Historical Society. M. Auguste Moireau's *Histoire des Etats-Unis* is both a new book and one which requires no excuse. France can hardly be so fully supplied with histories of the United States that no room is left for another. Indeed, M. Moireau's book has been well received by his countrymen, who are to judge whether they required it or not. It is well entitled to a favourable judgment as a piece of workmanship, though we cannot say that it appears to us to be one of those works which deserve translation. M. Moireau's literary merits are mainly negative. He is not obscure nor affected. He does not impress us with a suspicion that he is endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of M. Michelet, which is a rather common weakness among the younger school of French historical writers. Indeed, M. Moireau gives himself no airs of any kind, but pounds steadily along in a rational, if somewhat pedestrian, fashion. His positive merits are the clearness which is the shining virtue of French text-books, a sense of proportion and a power of building a narrative also eminently French, and a creditable exactness in foreign names and matters of detail which is a newly acquired virtue with historians of his nationality. Sir William Davenant is the only blunder which has caught our attention, and for that the compositor is doubtless to blame much more than M. Moireau. But it must be the author and not the printer who has to answer for the error of making Hakluyt "un doyen de Westminster." Hakluyt was Prebendary, and Archdeacon, not Dean, of Westminster. M. Moireau's faults are not, as a rule, those of absolute misstatement, but a certain timidity in forming definite opinions of his own, and a disposition to take things at second-hand. He takes a stock story now

and then, as in the case, for instance, of that amusing and romancing person, John Smith, a little too easily. Smith has been harshly judged; but we are afraid that he did paint those adventures of his larger than life. M. Moireau writes in a reasonably fair spirit. Of course, a little well-deserved reprobation is administered to "la cupidité britannique." But this was inevitable. It would be expecting too much from human nature to ask a Frenchman to allow that, if it was cupidity in Englishmen to seize on all North America, it was something not very different in a handful of French Canadians to endeavour to make the whole Mississippi Valley, which they could not occupy, "taboo" to the colonists of English race who could. He is not over-jubilant about the glories of the War of Independence, and does not claim for Lafayette, Rochambeau, and the Comte de Grasse more than their fair share of credit for the "crowning mercy" at Yorktown. His judgments on American men and things are sensible. He does not praise the Puritans for going into the wilderness in search of religious freedom, which they did not do; but, while insisting on their fanaticism, he also sees that, if the New England settlers had permitted dissent in their earlier days, they would have given the Church a leverage of which it would not have failed to make use. A Frenchman writing on American history would be sure to take the colonial side, so we need not complain when we find M. Moireau saying that "après le grand effort victorieux fait contre les Français du Canada, la population établie sur le sol américain était assez nombreuse, assez forte, assez habituée à vivre de sa vie propre et à compter sur ses propres ressources, morales ou matérielles, pour que l'idée commençât à germer en elle qu'elle était mûre pour la liberté, en état de tenter sérieusement, sans entrave extérieure d'aucune sorte, l'expérience du *self-government*." Agreed; but who made "le grand effort victorieux"? Not the colonists, certainly. On the great question of State rights and State sovereignty M. Moireau approximates to what we have always considered the orthodox view. His history has been carried down to 1800, and is, we presume, to be continued.

Mr. Schouler makes a confession of faith, in the preface to his fourth volume, which may, perhaps, serve him ill with people who take words in their strict sense. "It is not in my nature," he says, "to be impartial as between right and wrong, honorable and dishonorable public conduct." An historian who announces that he intends to be partial shows more valour than discretion. But Mr. Schouler does not mean that. His apparently brazen defiance of morals really only shows that, like many others, he does not know the proper sense of the word impartial. He thinks it synonymous with "unable to distinguish between right and wrong." This is a mistake which many other persons have made. The qualities of Mr. Schouler's style make us less surprised that he has erred in this matter. His metaphors and elegancies are indeed extraordinary. There are sentences which are absolute Baboo. The description of Calhoun as a "vampire dogmatizer" is good, and may possibly be due to a misplaced ambition to rival the famous "vulture with a broken beak." It wants something for complete success. But this is a comparatively feeble effort, which is pale beside this metaphorical description of Clay's compromise measure of 1833 as "this two-faced Janus which was now reared upon its legs to preach submission to the law on one side and the law's submission on the other." Neither will it bear comparison with this account of the treatment of the Abolitionists by New England society in early days:—"No such abolition eggs could be laid in New England that the good society of the place did not sit down with its whole weight upon the nest and crush them under the rustling folds of its bombazine before the brood could be hatched." New England society was much to blame for showing no more regard for so decent a stuff as bombazine. Was New England always in mourning, and what for? Mr. Schouler abounds in such graces of style as this. His history is not, we are afraid, strong enough to bear the absurdities of his language. We do not so much complain that he more than fulfils his promise not to be impartial. Partiality is a common human failing, and does no serious harm when a writer is precise in his statements, and can make things clear. But Mr. Schouler is painfully vague. As a strong Federalist he had an admirable opportunity with the nullification dispute which falls within the limits of his last volume. Moreover, as Daniel Webster and Calhoun had already made the question plain, there is no excuse for going wrong upon it. Whatever view is taken of the State rights theory of the American Constitution, it cannot, we think, be denied that Webster reduced Calhoun's over-ingenious nullification theory to powder. It amounted, in fact, to a claim on the part of South Carolina to belong and not to belong to the Union at one and the same time—which is absurd. As a strong Federalist Mr. Schouler ought to have enjoyed showing up the

* *Histoire des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord*. Par Auguste Moireau. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette. 1892.

History of the United States of America under the Constitution. By James Schouler. 4 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.; London: Edward Arnold. 1892.

History of the United States of America during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison. By H. Adams. 6 vols. London: E. P. Putnam's Sons; New York: C. Scribner's Sons.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Sixth Series. Vol. V. Published at the charge of the Appleton Fund. Boston: published by the Society. 1892.

faulty reasoning of the South Carolina leader. He has preferred the pleasure of merely abusing him. Partiality or no partiality, this is not the way to write history. The period covered by Mr. Schouler's fourth volume is rather exceptionally interesting. It contains the beginning of the great dispute between North and South which culminated in the War of Secession; the Abolition agitation; and the dispute with Mexico. We cannot recommend it as a text-book, and still less as literature; but a reader who knows his American history already pretty fairly, and wishes to see the Federal view stated with conviction, may turn it over with some profit. Mr. Schouler, too, shows good sense occasionally—as, for instance, in his comments on the thinness of skin which caused the Americans to cry out so absurdly when criticized during the years of which he writes. We do not know that the fault has been quite amended even yet.

Mr. Henry Adams's six volumes form a work not to be approached without reluctance. Six volumes—small no doubt, but not minute—on sixteen years of American history is really too much. There are, it is true, books which deservedly rank high, though they are overgrown. The four quarto volumes of Orme, for instance, are more than sufficiently weighty; but it is no excuse to a writer that he errs with others. He must also excel with them. Now, it is easier to equal the length of Orme than to give the equivalent of his starched yet manly elegance. Mr. Henry Adams has no particular merit of style. He is free from Mr. Schouler's absurdities; but, here again, one has to point out that it is not enough to be free from a positive defect if you do not replace it by a positive merit. Mr. Adams does little more than plod along in a rational enough way, telling everything as it occurred, and at about the same length, with a terrible want of any sense of proportion. The result is one of the most tiresome books we have ever attempted to read. If we could say any particular ill of it we should really be obliged to Mr. Adams, but we cannot. His six volumes form an irredeemably commonplace account of sixteen years of not very interesting history, spun out and padded out. There are disquisitions on the Spanish Court and on Toussaint L'Ouverture, summaries of Presidents' addresses and of the speeches of English Ministers—in short, it is an example of the intolerable verbosity which is the plague of contemporary historical writing. The interval between 1801 and 1817 in American history is moreover one which cannot be taken by itself. The mere fact that Madison's second Administration came to an end in that year does not make a break, as Mr. Adams has himself to acknowledge. He leaves the history of his country in the middle of a crisis.

The papers of Wait Winthrop do not call for reading. The Massachusetts Historical Society would itself hardly expect any man to begin at the first page and go on to the last. This Winthrop was not a man of any particular mark, though he held office, and had the reputation of an honest man. His correspondence deals very largely with private affairs—his boys' colds, his brother's bargains for shingles, and the sad cases of skippers forced on shore by a "desperate storme of winde" near St. Ives in Cornwall, and much plagued by "imbasselment" by privateers, who had also the want of shame to claim "salvedg." There are also references to public affairs of New England in the early years of the eighteenth century. A reader with an historical eye might find a useful detail in the volume here and there; but the ore wants extracting, and the rest, as Mr. Carlyle was wont to say, calls loudly for decent burial.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

MR. GILMOUR'S life in Mongolia is a somewhat melancholy record of wasted work and disappointed aspirations. We hear less of Mongolia and the Mongolians than we might otherwise have done, as he had published in his lifetime a narrative of his Asiatic travels and adventures. But, though the temperament of the enthusiastic missionary was rather serious than humorous, the biographer has been enabled to enliven this volume with quaint and amusing sketches of Mongolian manners. Naturally the biography of the self-sacrificing missionary begins with the usual indiscreet and exaggerated eulogies. Gilmour is praised for his least engaging qualities, and we are told

how churlishly he met the friendly advances of the head student of an English Dissenting college, as if brusqueness, straightforwardness, and sanctity were synonymous. Laudation of the kind is the more superfluous that Gilmour's sterling qualities were as undeniable as his genuine nobility of character. Of humble birth, with no advantages of upbringing, he was too ready to confound discourtesy with independence. But few of the Catholic missionaries, from the days of St. Francis Xavier and his colleagues down to those who are now labouring among the fanatics of the Chinese Highlands, have shown greater courage or capacity for endurance. Certainly Gilmour had an allowance from the London Missionary Society, but it was never sufficient for bare necessities. He sends in his accounts apologetically, when the balance was some 30*l.* on the wrong side, and protests that he could not possibly have carried economy further. That was undoubtedly the case. It is difficult to conceive a European subsisting through scorching summers and shrivelling winters on the pittance of threepence a day. But Gilmour lived, like the nomad Mongolians, on lean mutton and coarse meal. When in the towns he would sit down by the kettle of the street hawker, and he stretched himself at night under ragged canvas in clothes that had ceased to be respectable and were scarcely decent. When he welcomed the bride he had imported from England on hearsay, his friends, who did not stand fastidiously on costume, were scandalized at his disreputable attire. So self-denying an apostle should have had his reward; but, like Elijah, he was often weary of his life, and declared that the labour in that sterile soil was simply heart-rending. We are bound to say that, had the Missionary Society shown common forethought, it would have sought a more eligible sphere. The Mongolians may be superstitious and blinded, but there is no more devout people in the world, and in fact almost to a man they are spiritual bigots. Gilmour wrote of them in his book *On the Mongols*:—"The Mongol's religion marks out for him certain seemingly indifferent actions as good or bad, meritorious or sinful. There is scarcely one single step in life, however insignificant, he can take without first consulting his religion through his priest. Not only does his religion insist on moulding his soul and colouring his whole spiritual existence, but it determines the cut and colour of his coat. It would be difficult to find another instance in which any religion has grasped a country so universally and completely as Buddhism has Mongolia." It might be supposed that the men who were sent to root up the time-honoured traditions of Buddhism were at least prepared to discuss and instruct. Gilmour knew scarcely a word of the language, and had to begin by going to school. He sought instruction by living *en pension* in the tents of the nomads. Having the gift of tongues, he made rapid progress, and he got on such friendly terms with his hosts as to be affectionately spoken of as "Our Gilmour." But, though they liked the man, they would not listen to his teaching. When he had returned for a time to Peking, his old friends from the desert paid him frequent visits. They prolonged their calls till they tired him to death; but he could not congratulate himself on having let a glimmer of Christian light into their darkened souls. As a married man he returned to the steppes and the deserts. To give some practical idea of the life he was to lead, he invited a few friends to a dinner which he cooked himself in Mongolian fashion. One of his reverend guests flatly declined to ask a blessing on food for which he could not conscientiously feel grateful. The married couple lived in tents, and Mrs. Gilmour's delicacy as well as her digestion must have been sorely tried. Privacy was out of the question with their inquisitive parishioners. They ate, they prayed, they washed and dressed in public. Sometimes they had to face more serious troubles. Once an appalling thunderstorm was accompanied by deluges of rain; the tents were flooded and surrounded by roaring cataracts. Mr. Gilmour adds that it was not unfrequent for whole flocks and herds to be swept away with their owners. Unfortunately these serio-comic experiences culminated in a tragedy, and Mrs. Gilmour succumbed to the hardships she had endured. As for her husband, after turning his attention to the settled Mongols, he died in harness at Tientsin, having persevered to the last in his thankless toils with scarcely the sign of a harvest.

Mr. Rawnsley's *Notes for the Nile* is a pleasant and useful little companion for the cultivated traveller. He had the advantage of the personal acquaintance of the living *savants* and investigators who have done the most to enlighten us as to the antiquities of Egypt. Naturally he repeats much with which we are familiar, but he has the knack of putting his subjects in a striking way. Indeed, the narrative is sometimes hyperdramatic, as when he describes his palpitating approach to the presence chamber of the greatest of the Pharaohs at Boulak. He brings out forcibly the most impressive and suggestive discoveries in a land of inexhaustible interest and research. He

* *James Gilmour of Mongolia*. His Diaries and Letters, edited and arranged by Richard Lovett, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1892.

Notes for the Nile. By Hardwicke D. Rawnsley, M.A. London: Wm. Heinemann. 1892.

Six Months in the Apennines; or, a Pilgrimage in Search of Vestiges of the Irish Saints in Italy. By Margaret Stokes. London: Bell & Sons. 1892.

Guide-Souvenir de Florence. Par Dr. J. Marcotti. Florence: G. Barbera.

calls attention to the footprints left in the sand by feet that may have been mummified four thousand years ago. He remarks that the pictorial art as displayed in the tombs was at its best under the sway of the earlier dynasties. He reminds us that that faithful mortuary art rather concerned itself with life than with death, as if the Egyptians believed in a continuity of conditions when they had changed this mortal sphere for another. We are introduced in these monuments to the most commonplace and trivial details of the existence of king and priest, of noble and country gentleman. We see the worthy Egyptian squire superintending his farm operations, and seated of an evening in his hall, surrounded by his dogs and his children. Mr. Rawnsley gives one of the best accounts we have yet read of the sensational discovery of the tombs of the Kings at Dér-el-Bahari, and of the first perilous descent of Brugsch Pacha among the scowling and revengeful Arabs he was to deprive of a gainful traffic. We hear of a visit to Mr. Flinders Petrie in his primitive quarters, when Mr. Rawnsley was fortunate enough to assist at the excavation of the oldest piece of dated masonry which has yet been discovered, in the shape of an archaic temple.

Six Months in the Apennines will, in its way, be a revelation to most people. Moreover, as Miss Stokes observes in her preface, she leads us generally away from the beaten tracks which are traced out in the guide-books. Ireland in the darkest ages, a few centuries after the Christian era, was a centre of gospel light and a nursery of fervent missionaries. These holy men seem to have generally gone abroad as pilgrims on their own account, and then remained to devote themselves to spiritual labour in Gaul and Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere. Several of the most illustrious of them crossed the Alps and settled in the Lombard cities or on the slopes of the Apennines. Besides their piety, no doubt they were indebted for the reverence they received to the power of working useful miracles. St. Finian, for example, whose name was Italianized as Frediano, diverted and straightened the course of the Serchio—a marvel which has been commemorated in several well-known paintings. The construction of a canal may plausibly explain that myth; and, in preliminary biographical notes to her letters, Miss Stokes has mingled myth and fact as they have been confounded by tradition and the monkish chroniclers. It is certain that St. Finian and his colleagues have left their names or their mark on many of the most characteristic ecclesiastical edifices of Northern Italy. Miss Stokes, who received valuable assistance and hints from resident archaeologists, has followed up the traces in stone of those energetic Celtic saints with great patience and intelligence. The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs; and as the author went to work in romantic scenery and picturesque old towns, we can conceive that the artistic tour was extremely enjoyable. Comparing sites, churches, and convents with the mediæval records, she often came on exciting and delightful surprises. One curious discovery was in itself sufficient to reward her pains. Agilulph, King of the Lombards, at the close of the sixth century, had granted St. Columban a site for a monastery at Bobio, with the use of half a well. Miss Stokes asked to be shown the oldest well of the monastery, and there was still the circular tank, cut in two by the ancient boundary wall. One half the well, as the Lombard charter stipulated, is still reserved for the use of the townsfolk.

The Guide-Souvenir to Florence, and its environs, covers part of the ground traversed by Miss Stokes. Dr. Marcotti, who would appear to be a Florentine, has had the advantage of the help of some of the most distinguished local archaeologists and men of letters. He has written a very serviceable handbook, with ample notes on the art and archaeology in which the capital of Tuscany is singularly rich. The city is still more rich in romantic historical associations, and we can read the Guide-book simply for pleasure, as we come upon every page on the familiar names of the great families who were always at feud, from the Albizzi and the Pazzi down to the Medici and the Gondi. It is more melancholy to be reminded how greatly mediæval Florence was injured by being made temporarily the capital of United Italy. The volume has indifferent illustrations and some useful maps and plans.

CHINESE SCRIPTURES.*

THERE are two Chinese books which have passed the wit of Chinamen to understand—namely, *The Book of Changes* and *The Classic of Reason and Virtue*, by Lao-tse; and this for one reason—that they are both foreign in form and, to a great extent, in substance. Both these works have been translated by Professor Legge for "The Sacred Books of the East," and in

each case he has given us an excellent translation of the text as it is interpreted by native scholars. In both instances he has, by inference, demonstrated the inability of the commentators to grasp the full intentions of the authors, and has led us to look elsewhere for the true meaning which the works are intended to convey.

The Chinese profess a trinity of religions—Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism—all three of which are invoked by ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen as the circumstances of their lives direct. A census would doubtless declare that there was a vast preponderance of Confucianists; but practice proves that the dry bones of Confucianism can only be made to live by the admixture of Buddhist worship and Taoist divination. A cult which is merely a system of moral conduct, without any recognition of the soul or of a future life, could not possibly be expected to satisfy the higher aspirations of the minds of men, and hence its votaries have sought in Buddhism and Taoism for those supernatural elements of which the faith which they profess is destitute. On the present occasion we are concerned with Taoism only; and, as there are many who may be inclined to say, Confucianism we know and Buddhism we know, but what is Taoism? it is necessary to give some account of its genesis. According to tradition, the founder of the faith was a certain man who has been handed down for three and twenty centuries as Lao-tse, or "the old philosopher." Nothing is known of his parentage, and even his name is legendary. Unlike his contemporary Confucius, whose every action and habit of life are as well known as the events in the life of Christ, "the old philosopher" appears as an old man for a brief space on the stage of Chinese life, and disappears into obscurity, without leaving a clue by which we might trace his retreating footsteps or an utterance to guide us to the home which he had chosen as an asylum for his declining years. But if we are unable to learn anything of his last days, we are not without some indications of what were his race and lineage. It is said that his surname was Li, that his prenomen was Tan, "the long-eared," and that his features were such as to excite the wonder and curiosity of his Chinese neighbours. It is reported that he derived his surname from the fact that he was born under a Li or plum-tree. With far more probability it has been suggested that he was one of the powerful and numerous Li tribe which occupied a larger portion of China before the advent of the Chinese, and remnants of which are still to be found on the southern and south-western frontiers of the Empire. Among this and the neighbouring tribes the custom of elongating the ears is of very ancient standing. At the present time among a tribe of Lao, on the southern marches of China, the King and high officials stretch their ears until they fall three inches below the shoulder, while a sumptuary law limits the length of the people's ear to the shoulder. In Burma and elsewhere a similar practice obtains, and doubtless the Li tribe would follow the usages common to their neighbours. Lao-tse's appearance would naturally be, therefore, of the kind which his sobriquet indicates.

As a native of the south-western part of what is now China, he would be brought into close relations with the people of Further India, who, as is well known, were at this and an earlier period in constant communication with the Northern States of the Indian Peninsula. Like the doctrines of Buddha at a later time, the philosophy of the Brahmins had already found a congenial soil in the lands to the east of the Ganges, and the Li tribe, doubtless, shared in the prevailing taste for the wisdom and knowledge of the Indian Sages. Possibly, as a missionary of Brahminism, Lao-tse travelled into the Chinese States. There he found himself in an entirely new intellectual atmosphere. Instead of the subtle mind of his kinsfolk and neighbours, he was brought into contact with a prosaic matter-of-fact intelligence which was beginning to take a new and definite shape in the mould cast by Confucius, the great apostle of formalism.

As Professor Legge points out, there had long existed in China a philosophical school which sought to find the true "path" which was to lead them to perfect righteousness; and we know that at the time when Lao-tse appeared on the scene there were numerous instances of men retiring from the world as a protest against the formalism and self-seeking with which they were surrounded. When, therefore, he took up his parable, he adopted as his text "the Path," a term with which the Chinese were familiar, and which represented one aspect of Brahma or the Self which was the centre of his doctrine. It was by means of this path that men were to free themselves from the succession of lives through which, like a river, all sentient beings were destined to pass. And since it was by action, whether good or bad, that this succession was kept up, it became the main object of Brahminism and Taoism, for they are one and the same, to arrive at perfect inaction and abstraction, so that it should

* *The Sacred Books of China—the Texts of Taoism*. Translated by James Legge. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

become possible ultimately to arrive at the residue of all abstraction. As Lao-tse taught, "Men come forth and live, they wither and die. . . . There are three in every ten whose aim is to live, but whose movements tend to the place of death. And for what reason? Because of their excessive endeavours to perpetuate life." The remedy for these evils, Lao-tse explained, was the pursuit of that Path which is thus spoken of in the Upanishads:—"Invisible is the Path, outspread, primeval, that I have reached, that I have discovered. The Sages travel along that path to Paradise, liberated from their embodiment." Further he added the advice which underlay his whole system, "Having once arrived at a state of absolute vacuity, keep yourself perfectly still." We quote this sentence from a translation of Lao-tse's work by Mr. Chalmers (1868), who, being untrammelled by the Chinese commentators, whose lead Professor Legge was obliged to follow, has been able to reproduce more nearly the mind which was in Lao-tse.

Being entirely ignorant of every literature but their own, the Chinese pundits are quite unable to understand much of that which Lao-tse tries to convey, and such an idea as is conveyed in the phrase "Tao does nothing, and so there is nothing that it does not do"—an idea which is a commonplace of Indian philosophy—is unintelligible to them. In the same way Lao-tse's assertion that "he who has in himself abundantly the attributes (of the Tao) is like an infant. Poisonous insects will not sting him; fierce beasts will not seize him; birds of prey will not strike him" is Greek to them, and yet the same thought is embalmed in the Upanishads over and over again. For example, we there read, "It (Brahma) is impalpable, for it cannot be handled; undecaying, for it wastes not away; unattached, for it has no ties; invulnerable, for it is not hurt by the sword or slain."

The inability of the Chinese to grasp the true meaning of the teachings of Lao-tse is well illustrated in the three works which Professor Legge has chosen as being typical of the three stages of Chinese Taoism. First, we have the utterances of Lao-tse, which express nothing more or less than the doctrines of Brahminism; next in the writings of Chwang-tse, we are presented with the degenerate form which the philosophy took in the minds of his immediate followers; and, lastly, we find in the "Book of Actions and their Retributions" the plain system of morality which comparatively modern Taoists have succeeded in extracting from the *Tao teh ching*. Both in form and substance the writings of Lao-tse and Chwang-tse are entirely distinct. It is a remarkable feature of the *Tao teh ching* that from first to last no proper name occurs in its pages. It avoids narratives, and is almost entirely occupied with abstract ideas. Chwang-tse, on the other hand, being a Chinese, adopted the Confucian system of reporting conversations between friends, or between teachers and their disciples, and the arrangement of his work is precisely that of the *Lun yü*, or conversations of Confucius. But he has done more than follow the literary method of the Confucianists. He has had the temerity to put into the mouth of the Sage words which would have been anathema to the Master, and which, if authentic, would have ranged him among the disciples of Taoism. We quote the following as an example:—

"Yen Hui (a disciple) said, 'I am making progress.' K'ungni (Confucius) replied, 'What do you mean?' 'I have ceased to think of benevolence and righteousness,' was the reply. 'Very well; but that is not enough.' [The idea of Confucius approving for a moment of the forgetfulness of benevolence or of the constant cultivation of righteousness is enough to make all good Confucianists cry aloud in indignation.] Another day Hui again saw K'ungni, and said, 'I am making progress.' 'What do you mean?' 'I have lost all thought of ceremonies and music.' [The notes of a particular piece of music so overcame Confucius on one occasion that he was unable to eat for three months.] A third day, Hui again saw (the Master), and said, 'I am making progress.' 'What do you mean?' 'I sit and forget everything.' K'ungni changed countenance, and said, 'What do you mean by saying that you sit and forget (everything)?' Yen Hui replied, 'My connexion with the body and its parts is dissolved; my perceptive organs are discarded. Thus leaving my material form, and bidding farewell to my knowledge, I am become one with the great Pervader. This I call sitting and forgetting all things.' K'ungni said, 'One (with that Pervader) you are free from all likings, so transformed you are become impermanent. You have indeed become superior to me. I must ask leave to follow in your steps.'

This is not, perhaps, a favourable specimen of Chwang-tse's work. Occasionally he attempts to reproduce ideas, and even passages, from the *Tao teh ching*, and he illustrates the only quasi-philosophy of which he was capable with ingenuity and skill. But as regards the system of Lao-tse, "his perceptive organs," like those of Yen Hui, "are discarded." He is no more able to understand his Master than the Disciples at the beginning of their

ministry were able to understand the full significance of the words of Christ. His mind was cast in the Chinese mould, and he was powerless to grasp the subtleties of the Indian intellect. But even the suspicion of Brahminism which clings to his writings have become distasteful to the followers of Taoism, who find in the plain teaching of the Tractate of Actions and their Retributions—to the effect that "recompense follows good and evil as the shadow follows the substance"—matter more congenial to their comprehensions.

The three phases of Taoism exemplified in Professor Legge's translations find a parallel in another religion introduced from India into China. The teachings of Buddha, like the philosophy of Lao-tse, no sooner came into contact with the Chinese mind than they became of the earth earthy, and found their expression in the material views of the sect of the "Blissful regions of the West." Like modern Taoism also, these have resolved themselves into a system of morality of which ethical maxims and debasing superstitions form the constituent parts.

SWIFT'S POLITE CONVERSATION.*

IF the characteristics of the author, and not the importance of the subject of the book, are the first consideration in the critic's estimation, then, assuredly, not among Swift's minor writings must be placed the admirable *Dialogues of Polite Conversation* that form the second of the handsome series of reprints known as the Chiswick Press Editions. A better choice, nor one that better fulfils the aim of the series, there could not be than the *Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation*, by Simon Wagstaff, Esq. It is an English classic by no means readily obtainable, until now, in separate, or single-volume form, and among the finest examples of Swift's ironical method it is a masterpiece that has few equals. We are heartily in agreement with Mr. Saintsbury, who in his editorial introduction puts the *Polite Conversation* "in the very front rank of Swift's works." If, indeed, we regard the exquisite and elaborate irony of Swift's "Introduction" apart from the three Dialogues, we know of nothing in English literature so effective and, as a whole, so effectively sustained, excepting the *Tale of a Tub* and the "Argument against Abolishing Christianity." After noting its decided superiority to its own nearest analogue, the *Directions to Servants*, Mr. Saintsbury justly remarks of the *Polite Conversation* that "It is never unequal; it never flags; it never forces the note." The pleasant fiction of the introduction is sustained with admirable art. Mr. Wagstaff, gravely discoursing on his scheme, and revealing his own character with unconscious humour, appears to be absolutely detached from the work he has at heart. There is no trace of him in the Dialogues. They are just the fruit of his observations of the conversation of the fashionable world, and convey the impression of unimpeachable veracity. The change of style from Wagstaff, introducing himself and his subject, to Wagstaff the honest chronicler, is nothing less than a master-stroke of genius. And if the Wagstaffian self-portraiture is excellent for consistency, and a genuine creation of character, the dramatic propriety of the Dialogues, especially as all the eight characters save one are drawn from the smart society of the day, is decidedly not less excellent. Sir John Linger is, of course, something of a foil to the others, as the country squire, and a well-defined type, the butt of people of fashion, just as the citizen was the butt of the wits and dramatists of previous generations. But the rest, ladies and gentlemen all—each is finely diverse, though all have gifts and graces in common.

Mr. Saintsbury finds in the complete variation of style between the two portions of the work one of the charms of *Polite Conversation*, and he proceeds to observe:—"If it were not for Miss and the dinner—two objects of perennial interest to men of spirit and taste—I am not sure that I should not prefer the introduction to the conversations themselves." Miss, indeed, is an admirable creature, and both she and the dinner have moved Mr. Saintsbury to certain acute and entirely admirable observations with regard to Swift's treatment of women, and the true inwardness of Miss's character, and Thackeray's mistaken view of that tremendous banquet. Yet we should have had no difficulty, if he had not confessed it, in understanding Mr. Saintsbury's plain preference of the introduction, on the ground that that which is most Swiftian is preferable to that which is less. The Introduction is one of Swift's finest achievements in pure irony. The Dialogues are satire, and satire humanized by a geniality of tone not frequent in Swift, and in fact and intention far less satirical than

* *Polite Conversation*. By Jonathan Swift. With Introduction and Notes by George Saintsbury. London: Whittingham & Co., at the Chiswick Press. 1892.

must appear to ears polite in these days. To this extent the Dialogues are less characteristic than the Introduction. The point having been suggested, such, it seems, is the only legitimate conclusion; though, of course, as the two parts are so contrived as to make for the excellence of the whole, and their variety not merely designed but essential to that excellence, the question supplies a test for lovers of Swift, and not material for the critic. To the born ironist, as Mr. Saintsbury says, there is no satiety of irony. The notes to this edition are restricted to the illustration of obscure or dubious matters only, as is the best rule to observe in editing a work intended for the library.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.

A BOOK of high value, not only to theological students but to all who take an intelligent interest in Christian theology, will be found in Mr. Knowling's *Witness of the Epistles* (1). The object of the work is to exhibit in detail the testimony of St. Paul to the life and teaching of our Lord, and to the doctrine of the Church as to His Person. This purpose, which is carried out in a most comprehensive style, involves not only a clear and keen-sighted estimate of the historical significance of the Pauline Epistles, but a valuable review of German and other opinions, a criticism of the New Tübingen school, whose attack upon the *Hauptbriefe* is the latest development of advanced thought, an estimate of Resch's *Agrapha*, and a host of interesting points concerning the character and influence of the Apostle, the origin of the Gospels, the relation of Christian doctrine to Jewish and Hellenic thought, and so forth. Mr. Knowling has given his readers, in fact, an admirable account of the great Pauline question from a thoroughly modern point of view, with an industry and precision that merit the warmest thanks of all labourers in the same field.

The chief point in Dr. Taylor's exceedingly ingenious and original treatise on *Hermas and the Four Gospels* (2) is that the well-known passage in which Irenæus insists that there could only be four Evangelists is based upon Hermas. Dr. Taylor even finds the initials of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John in the numbers of the stones in the four lowest tiers of the Second Tower. Besides this he gives reasons for supposing that Hermas was acquainted with the concluding verses of St. Mark. In this he may very possibly be right, for the same curious combination of the "rod of power" with the "preaching of the Gospel everywhere" is found also in Justin Martyr, in a passage (*Apol.* i. 45) where it is generally supposed that the disputed passage of St. Mark is referred to.

Canon Cheyne's new volume, *Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism* (3), contains five sermons on the Life of David, and fifteen on the Psalter. Readers of the Bampton Lectures know pretty well the learned author's views on Hebrew poetry. Canon Cheyne follows Kautzsch in ascribing the books of Samuel to nine different authors, and can tell us which verses were written by each member of this little army of scribes. David does not appear in a very amiable light. Canon Cheyne sits in judgment upon him much as a rather prim virgin aunt might lecture a scapegrace nephew. There is good in him, though it is not immediately obvious. It is, perhaps, a little hard that David should be taken to task for his rudeness to the Philistine giant—"there is no regretfulness in his tone, no charitable longing to bring Goliath to a better mind." The serious side of this queer prudery is that it is one of the main foundations of Canon Cheyne's theory about the Psalter. But, if Byron and Burns could write poetry, why not David?

Few churches have a more interesting history than that of St. Mary the Virgin at Oxford (4). Down to the seventeenth century it was the house of the University, the only house that the University possessed. Here Convocation met, and the Chancellor's Court sat; here commemoration was held, professors lectured in the nave, and undergraduates were examined in the south-west porch. The primitive banking business of the University was transacted and the handful of books that formed the nucleus of the Bodleian Library found a shelter under the same sacred roof. Again, the records of St. Mary's throw a flood of light on the history of the city of Oxford, a history which is much more closely intertwined with that of the University than modern town councillors are always ready to admit. Yet again, not

a movement has swept over the Church of England which has not found its clearest expression in the pulpit of the University Church, and there have been few great historical events which cannot be brought into some sort of connexion with St. Mary's. In this wide and fruitful field Mr. Ffoulkes expatiates with great learning and the ardour of an enthusiast. He tells us why St. Hugh appears with his swan on the Tower, and where to find the groove in the pillar, cut to support the platform on which Cranmer stood while his doom was pronounced from the pulpit by Cole. He takes the reader round School Street and Cat Street and shows him where the old Halls stood, and how stalls and market booths filled the Radcliffe square, a subject which must have cost the writer infinite pains and research. He traces the history of University preaching from the first sermon known to have been delivered in St. Mary's by Walter Herby down to Hampden and Newman. Mr. Ffoulkes prints sermons by Cardinal Pullen and Grossetete, the famous Bishop of Lincoln, and the light which he throws upon the history of pulpit oratory in England is a distinctly valuable feature of the book. Sometimes the author wanders a little too far afield, as, for instance, where he discusses the curious letters between one Lawerne and an anonymous correspondent, whom there is some reason for identifying with the author of *Piers Plowman*, though here too he has rendered a service to English scholarship. But, if he has sometimes given more than he promised, he has nowhere given less, and his book is one that will be received with hearty thanks by all lovers of the Church and of the University.

The *History of St. John Baptist Church and Parish in the City of Chester* (5) stands on a lower level of interest, nor does Mr. Scott treat the annals of his church with the skill of a professional archaeologist. But the book will probably find favour with Chester people, and the extracts from the Church records give some facts that are worthy of note. For instance, the old English name for the Eucharist is preserved in the terms "houslyng books," "houslyng money," found in the churchwardens' accounts. Church discipline was in full life in St. John Baptist's parish as late as 1735; thus we read under that year, "paid for washing the Parish Sheet for Club's wife to stand penance in, 2d."

Mr. Strong's *Manual of Theology* (6) is not, properly speaking, a manual at all. The method is discursive, not scholastic, the reader would look in vain for any compendious account of the different answers that have been given to the different questions, and, if the reader was an undergraduate, he would probably rise from the perusal of the book with the mistaken idea that theology is a realm of blessed peace and agreement. Mr. Strong takes the Incarnation as his centre, and from this point of view considers successively Natural Theology, Evidences, the Doctrine of Christ's Person, the Doctrine of the Trinity, Creation, Evil, the Atonement, the Church, and Sacraments. Each chapter concludes with a select list of references to the best authorities, ancient and modern. The treatment is sympathetic and liberal, and marked by a certain brightness, which adds greatly to the interest and intelligibility. All modern difficulties are looked squarely in the face without fear or exaggeration, and those who desire a clear and comprehensive statement of modern thought on theological subjects could hardly find a better book to begin with. Mr. Strong uses his learning with great modesty and reserve, but the learning is there notwithstanding. On one point, the cardinal doctrine of the Atonement, it is pleasing to notice a distinct advance upon the very insufficient treatment accorded to the subject in *Lux Mundi*. Mr. Strong recognizes, though in rather hesitating fashion, that our Lord's death contained a vicarious element, and appealed not only to the Love but also to the Justice of God. One fine passage, in which Mr. Strong describes the right mental attitude of Christian people, will justify quotation:—"To the person who really believes in the Omnipresence of God the whole world is supernatural. He does not pursue the investigation of nature and mind as dead mechanism, and then build outside a kind of theological annexe; but he begins with God, when his thoughts are duly ordered, and sees in the uniform laws of nature and the inevitable movement of history the manifestation of the changeless Nature of God."

Count Goblet d'Alviella's Hibbert Lectures on *The Origin and Growth of the Conception of God* (7) exhibit the history of religion

(1) *The Witness of the Epistles: a Study in Modern Criticism*. By the Rev. R. T. Knowling, M.A., Vice-Principal of King's College, London. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

(2) *Hermas and the Four Gospels*. By C. Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: C. J. Clay & Sons.

(3) *Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism*. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Scripture in the University of Oxford. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

(4) *A History of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford*. By the present Vicar. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

(5) *Lectures on the History of St. John Baptist Church and Parish in the City of Chester*. By the Rev. S. Cooper Scott, M.A., Vicar. Chester: Phillimore & Golder. 1892.

(6) *A Manual of Theology*. By Thomas B. Strong, M.A., Student and Theological Tutor, Christ Church, Oxford. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892.

(7) *Lectures on the Origin and Growth of the Conception of God*. (Hibbert Lectures for 1891.) By Count Goblet d'Alviella, Professor of the History of Religions at the University of Brussels. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

from a strictly evolutionary point of view. The author writes clearly, and marshals with great skill all the information supplied by folklore, archaeology, and philology. He has looked with an understanding eye on the tendencies of modern thought and society, and has studied carefully all branches of his subject, except Christianity. In its own peculiar line, the book is a good book, and well worth reading. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the phenomena of religion can be adequately explained on the hypothesis of evolution, there are three main questions to which we desire an answer. What was the origin of the evolutionary process; at what point did it attain or come nearest to the truth, and to what issue is it tending? The origin Count d'Alviella finds, not in any Divine communication, nor in any Divine signature upon human nature, but in three errors, "the erroneous extension of the idea of personality, the confusion between concomitance and causality, and the failure to distinguish between dreams and reality." This being so we might think that the bubble bursts and straightway disappears. This, however, is not Count d'Alviella's conclusion. At some point this error develops into truth, and this point may be the Gospel, for "Unitarians, and the rationalistic communities of modern Christendom in general, have come to reverence the ideal in that man who seems in their eyes most nearly to approach it, even if not to realize it in all its plenitude." Count d'Alviella does not expressly say that our Lord's life marks high water in the flowing tide; on the contrary, he looks forward to further developments; yet, oddly enough, he can think of no better remedy for the confusions of our time than the coming of "a new Jesus," who is to teach again exactly what the real Jesus taught. As to the future, Count d'Alviella judges that the philosophy of evolution and the religious school of positivism may at length find some way of reconciling their differences, if, for instance, the idea of humanity could be regarded as mediator between man and the infinite, that is to say, if the shadowy God can be provided with a shadowy Christ. But the bankruptcy of revolutionary theories may issue in a reaction—in other words, Christianity may triumph after all. Upon the whole, then, we may possess our souls in patience.

Lovers of Thomas à Kempis will be grateful to Archdeacon Wright and Mr. Kettlewell for their translation of *Meditations on the Life of Christ* (8). There is, indeed, still much doubt about the authorship of the treatise. Eusebius Amort testifies that it was in existence at the time of the death of Thomas, and an anonymous contemporary writer expressly includes it in a list of his works. On the other hand, though Sommalius gives it a place in his second edition of the collected writings of À Kempis, it is not found in either the first or the third edition. Mr. Kettlewell, in his Preface, wrestles manfully with this difficulty, and decides positively in favour of the authenticity. The *Meditations* dwell chiefly on the Passion of our Lord, and have a more rapturous, sensuous colouring than the *De Imitatione*; nor is the style so strong and self-contained. Would Thomas have written "Behold what these shameless wretches, the impious Jews, did"? Or, again, "O most impious and vile slave, who daredst with guilty hands to strike the lovely face of thy Creator"? There is a note of human fierceness in these words. It is to be regretted that the editors judged it right to expurgate the volume by carefully excluding "any words sanctioning Mariolatry, and the invocation of saints and angels, or any occasional allusion to some corruption or error prevalent in the pre-Reformation Church." The question arises whether this kind of mysticism has not an inner connexion with these "errors." If it has, the editors are inflicting an injury on their readers by encouraging them to think that the one can be had without the other. Besides, if the treatise is so Roman in character, Mr. Kettlewell can hardly be right in thinking that its absence from the third edition of Sommalius is to be accounted for by authoritative suppression.

We have received also an anonymous version of the *De Imitatione* (9). This edition has the great merit of giving English and Latin, in Hirsche's rhythmical arrangement, on opposite pages. The English translation is apparently a careful revision of one already issued by the same publishers.

The *Catholicos of the East* (10) is Mar Shimun, the Patriarch of the Nestorian Syrian Church. His people are divided into two branches, those who live in Turkey and those who live in the province of Azerbaijan, in North-west Persia. The Rev. A. J.

(8) *Meditations on the Life of Christ*. By Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Edited by the Ven. Archdeacon Wright, M.A., and the Rev. S. Kettlewell, M.A. With Preface by the latter. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1892.

(9) *De Imitatione Christi*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ltd. 1892.

(10) *The Catholicos of the East and His People*. By Arthur John Maclean, M.A., Dean of Argyll and the Isles, and William Henry Browne, LL.M., St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1892.

Maclean and the Rev. W. H. Browne spent some years in Kurdistan and Northern Persia, in connexion with the Archbishop of Canterbury's Assyrian Mission, and have embodied the results of their observation in a volume of moderate size, dealing with the manners, belief, and religious usages of the interesting folk among whom they laboured. The book abounds in information on all these topics, and is very bright and attractive.

The Faith and Life of the Early Church, by W. F. Slater, M.A., of the Wesleyan College, Didsbury (London: Hodder & Stoughton), is a series of rather disconnected chapters on the origins of the Christian Church. The book is not without learning and ingenuity; but it is disfigured by a constant sour polemic against the Church of England. Mr. Slater appears to labour under the delusion that he can take from Dr. Hatch and Dr. Harnack as much as will hit the Church without doing the Chapel any harm.

In the *Rise of Christian Monasticism* (London: A. D. Innes & Co.) Mr. Gregory Smith treats of the growth of Monasticism, with special reference to the Egyptian Ascetics and the Benedictine Rule, of the monastic officers and usages, and of the lives of twelve famous monks. The work is careful and scholarly, but rather dry in style for the general reader.

Two useful publications for theological students are *The Book of St. Basil on the Holy Spirit*, by the Rev. C. F. H. Johnston (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), and *The Apology of Origen*, by the Rev. John Patrick (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons). Mr. Johnston gives a carefully revised Greek text of the *De Sancto Spiritu*, with the doctrinal letters of St. Basil to Amphilochius, and a useful introduction. The notes on the text would have borne a little expansion, especially in regard to the technical terms. Mr. Patrick gives in English a full analysis of the *True Word* of Celsus and a useful account of Origen's reply. On the critical side the book leaves something to be desired.

A Short Commentary on the Book of Daniel, by A. A. Bevan, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge (Cambridge: at the University Press), is addressed to advanced students of Hebrew, to whose appreciation we must respectfully consign it.

The new volume of the "Expositor's Bible" is the *Book of Job*, by the Rev. R. A. Watson, B.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton).

Mr. Moule's *Addresses To My Younger Brethren* (London: Hodder & Stoughton) are admirably calculated to deepen the earnestness and increase the efficiency of pastors and preachers. Readers will know what to expect from the esteemed Principal of Ridley Hall.

Of sermons we have received two volumes of *The Selected Sermons of Thomas Fuller*, the great Fuller, the wise and witty (London: Unwin Brothers); three volumes of the "Preachers of the Age," *Ethical Christianity* by the Rev. Hugh P. Hughes, *Messages to the Multitude* by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and *The Journey of Life* by Canon Knox-Little (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.); vol. iv. of Maurice's *Lincoln's Inn Sermons* (London: Macmillan & Co.); *The Name above Every Name and other Sermons*, by the Rev. C. D. Bell, Rector of Cheltenham (London: Edward Arnold); *Short Sermons*, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke (London: Macmillan & Co.); *Questions of Faith and Duty*, by the Bishop of Winchester (London: Isbister & Co., Ltd.); *The Marks of Christ's Body*, by the Rev. Griffiths Roberts, Canon of Llandaff (London: Griffiths, Farran, & Co., Ltd.); and *Witnesses of these Things*, by the Rev. A. B. Tucker, with preface by the Bishop of Durham (London: Griffiths, Farran, & Co. Ltd.).

Professor Milligan's *Lectures on the Apocalypse* (London: Macmillan & Co.), and the *Stray Thoughts* of the late Dr. Rowland Williams (London: T. Fisher Unwin) have reached a second edition. We notice also the second volume of Père Didon's *Jesus Christ*, English translation (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited), and the second volume of Dr. S. C. Malan's illustrative commentary on *The Book of Proverbs* (London: Williams & Norgate).

We have received also *The Church Catechism: its History and Contents*, a useful manual for teachers and learners, by the Rev. A. J. C. Allen, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Book of the Unveiling*, a tiny volume of "Studies," devout meditations and reflections, on the Book of Revelation, by the author of the *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family* (London: S.P.C.K.); *The Pastoral Visitation of the Sick and Suffering*, a well-arranged and serviceable *vade mecum* for parish clergymen, by the Rev. Henry Sidebotham (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *The Inspiration and Authority of the Bible*, by John Clifford, Minister of Westbourne Park Chapel (London: James Clarke & Co.); *Evolution and Scripture*, by Arthur Holborow (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *A New Creed*, by an anonymous writer (London: Digby, Long, & Co.); *Dialogues on the Efficacy of Prayer*, by Powis Houlst

(London: Chapman & Hall, Limited); *Christianity and Infallibility*, by the Rev. Daniel Lyons (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); and *The Biblical Illustrator—Exodus*, by the Rev. J. S. Exell (London: James Nisbet & Co.)

THE ENGLISH MANOR AGAIN.*

STUDENTS of English institutions have now had time to take stock of Mr. Vinogradoff's work, which we noticed at some length in the early part of this year, with a fairly mature consideration. Mr. Seebohm, to whom parts of Mr. Vinogradoff's essays were in effect a friendly challenge, has now made his reply, a very fair and candid one, in the *English Historical Review*. From America Dr. Andrews contributes a sound and useful summary of the materials and results thus far available for the earlier and most difficult period of the inquiry, that which precedes the Norman Conquest. When we give the name of a summary to this careful "study in English economic history," as the author himself calls it, we are far from meaning to convey that it is a mere digest or compilation. Dr. Andrews has not merely noted all important work, including Mr. Vinogradoff's, but has used his notes with thought and judgment. Indeed it was a matter requiring a true scholar's discretion to give us that which, to our mind, was most wanted at this time, a clear and connected view of what is really known from our evidences, what is generally accepted as proved or highly probable, and what parts of the field are still obscure. Dr. Andrews has done this exceedingly well, and his book, though hardly addressed to readers who know nothing of the subject, may be commended to students as the best general introduction yet produced. He has worked under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, whose tale of contributions to historical and political science is already nobly disproportioned to its youth.

Mr. Seebohm does not in terms abandon the extreme theories of Roman and servile origins which made his well-known book so startling to the Germanic school of historians. But he shows himself open-minded, and seems practically to give up his tendency to find badges of servitude at every turn. Thus it has been proved, as we think, that the cumbrous arrangement of a medieval holding "lying abroad" in the common fields in thirty or forty acre-strips was due to nothing more servile than an archaic working out of the maxim "equality is equity." Mr. Seebohm appears not unwilling to acquiesce in Mr. Vinogradoff's opinion as to this point. Again Mr. Seebohm is now quite alive to the fact that in the early Middle Ages the questions of a man's personal condition as freeman or bondman and of his territorial condition as holding land by free or base services are distinct, and require to be disentangled before we can safely reconstruct either the social or the legal history. On this point Dr. Andrews has some just and happy remarks. For the Anglo-Saxon—and no less, indeed, for the Anglo-Norman period—"freedom was purely a relative quantity; it was not an abstract conception; it was freedom in respect of some one or something else, either the lord, the State, the Church or the lands which the individual himself cultivated." We do not think this statement can be bettered. Mr. Seebohm's main point of difference with Mr. Vinogradoff has to do with the inferences to be drawn from the privileged position of tenants in ancient demesne. Mr. Vinogradoff argues that this position was a "survival," ancient customary law having been better preserved under the immediate lordship of the Crown than in the hands of private lords. Mr. Seebohm disputes this, partly on the ground of Mr. Vinogradoff's own documents, partly in reliance on the law of the thirteenth century as expounded in Bracton and Fleta. We think Mr. Seebohm's points quite arguable, but we also think he leans on text-book authority rather harder than it will bear. The most Bracton can tell us on such a point is what was likely to be the theory of the king's court, in the third quarter of the thirteenth century, as to the status of this or that class of tenants. Any kind of historical explanation either expressed or implied must be taken only with caution and subject to verification. Anything of the same sort in Fleta is at most the professional opinion of the succeeding generation. We do not assert that such indications are to be neglected. It would be too much to say of Bracton, as we can safely say of Littleton, that his knowledge of the eleventh century was less than ours. But we know that even before Bracton's time the king's judges were much more anxious to establish uniform legal rules and strengthen the power of the Crown (both most desirable objects) than to leave convenient historical finger-posts for nineteenth-century students. We do not even always

know what Bracton's opinion really was, nor shall we be wholly safe in using Bracton for any delicate question of this kind until his text has been properly edited. We do know that the text of the printed book and of the majority of MSS. contains considerable additions by a later though perhaps not a much later hand. In some cases Bracton appears to record, as part of the system of his time, experiments that did not succeed. He seems to speak of a distinct class of tenants by "convention" who would have anticipated the modern copyholder in many respects. No such tenure was recognized in Littleton's time, and the experiment mentioned in Bracton survives obscurely, if it does survive, in occasional ancient rents or fines described as "conventional" of which the origin is no longer traceable. Nothing but good, however, can come of Mr. Vinogradoff's work being fully discussed from every plausible point of view.

Dr. Andrews ranges over a much wider field, and makes an end of his exposition at the point of time where Mr. Vinogradoff's researches, so far as hitherto published, begin. Summing up recent discussions of ancient Germanic society, and by no means omitting to take account of Fustel de Coulanges, he is of opinion that the reasonable conclusion "simply modifies the old theory of the village community by introducing a closer bond of kinship and the element of chieftainship, and by reducing the free tribesmen to a moral, social, and political condition more in accord with the habits of a people just emerging from a state of barbarism." These are words of good sense, though we must be allowed to doubt whether they affirm anything which the real founders and masters of "the old theory" denied or intended to deny. Certainly no moderately careful reader of Kemble could be led by him to suppose that the Saxons and Angles had no chiefs when they landed in Britain. And who has insisted on the bond of kinship, real or fictitious, as a vital element in archaic Indo-European society, more constantly than Maine? On the whole the one-sidedness of Maurer and Kemble and their following is really a matter of tone and colouring much more than of demonstrable errors in fact. No doubt the work of that generation is pervaded in many parts by a spirit of democratic illusion. There has been a tendency to dress up our ancestors of the dark ages in the clothes of English Whig statesmen and German political philosophers. Dr. Andrews very justly asks, "Is there not a danger of forcing into the period of no evidence at all too exalted an idea of the democratic individuality and collective importance of the Anglo-Saxon 'folk'?" Without saying at present anything about folk-land, which furnishes the text for this remark, we feel no doubt that the danger is a real one, and perhaps has not been wholly escaped even by such scholars as Konrad Maurer. "The period of no evidence at all" has been ornamented with notions of folk-peace, folk-truth, and what not, for which we can find no warrant in English documents at any rate. Such a phrase, for instance, as "outlaw against all folk" does not show that the judgment of outlawry was supposed to proceed from the people in a collective judicial capacity. Far more significant and material is the broad fact that the king's justice, which after the Conquest became the ordinary justice of the kingdom, was something quite distinct from the justice of the county and the hundred courts, and was so far from being every man's right that it was expressly forbidden to seek it until the ordinary means had failed. Anglo-Saxon clerks were not Parliamentary draftsmen, and it will not do to catch at their turns of language as Bunyan in his struggles with the tempter caught at sentences and words of Holy Writ. On the other hand corrections and temperaments of this kind hardly bring us, we submit, nearer to being satisfied that the Manor is a Roman villa, or that everybody who was not a lord was a slave.

On the still obscure topic of Anglo-Saxon land tenures Dr. Andrews is as sound as the present state of knowledge allows, and (which is higher praise than any one who has not worked on the topic himself can understand) he is not adventurous. He might have made things clearer, perhaps, by laying more stress on the foreign and ecclesiastical origin of grants by charter or "book." The "book" was no part of an English or Germanic scheme of landholding. It was a special exercise of supreme authority, consciously following Continental patterns which themselves looked back to Rome. Until he fully realizes this, a student cannot expect to make any considerable way in the right direction. With regard to book-land and folk-land Dr. Andrews refers to a recent essay of an author bearing the name, honoured in another kind of scholarship, of Hermann. This Hermann, so far as we can gather from Dr. Andrews, appears to have contributed nothing more profitable than paradoxes, and indeed we do not understand Dr. Andrews to take his conjectures at all seriously. We find the interior economy of Anglo-Saxon peasant life worked out by Dr. Andrews in a good deal of detail. He freely supplements the well-known *Rectitudines Singularum*

* *The Old English Manor: a Study in English Economic History*. By Charles McLean Andrews. Baltimore: the Johns Hopkins Press. 1892. *Villainage in England*. By F. Seebohm. Reprinted from "English Historical Review," July 1892.

Personarum from the *Gerefa* which Thorpe (we know not for what reason) left to be published, not long ago by Dr. Liebermann. In this region the scholar's trouble is by no means lack of materials. The materials are at least as full as we have any right to expect. Our difficulty is to fit this wealth and variety of economic and social facts into the meagre framework of the Anglo-Norman legal and fiscal system as we find it in Domesday. We do not know that Anglo-Norman surveyors and clerks did not find it difficult at the time. Many a one may have said to himself, as he finally made up his return, something equivalent to the modern New Englander's "Guess it'll have to do."

Dr. Andrews accepts Mr. Seebohm's opinion that the "*geneat*" of the *Rectitudines* is a genus including the "*gebür*" and others whose duties are afterwards set forth. We are ourselves unable to accept this explanation. Anything so artificial as the supposed arrangement is foreign to the manner of tenth-century documents, not to mention that this is an English and comparatively popular document. The duties of the *geneat* appear to us to be quite as specifically stated as those of the *gebür*; they are shorter, not because the statement is condensed, but because there are really less of them. We can see no sufficient reason for departing from the natural and obvious way of reading the text; it is a list of the duties of different classes of tenants, and the *geneat* comes first as being a tenant of a distinct and superior class. He is much more like the "riding knight" of the Anglo-Norman period than any sort of villein, as *villanus* was understood from Glanvill's time onwards. In the matter of land measures it seems to us that Dr. Andrews, like Mr. Vinogradoff, could afford to be less vague and more hopeful of definite results. We believe in the normal hide of 120 acres, and we do not believe that there was not a normal acre before 1307.

Matters of law and judicature proper stand rather in the background of Dr. Andrews's plan; but in what he gives us we find little to criticize. There is a passage in the laws of Eadgar where the buyer of strange cattle is commanded to put them into the common pasture with the witness of the township: this, by the way, is the only Anglo-Saxon authority known to us for the township having any corporate character. Dr. Andrews appears to think this ordinance was for the protection of the township common. It may be so in part, but these provisions belong to the elaborate system of precautions against cattle-stealing and dealing in stolen cattle which run through the whole of the Anglo-Saxon laws, and which, for want of being read as a whole, have by some ingenious persons been made answerable for an imaginary Anglo-Saxon law of contract. With regard to the origins of local and seigniorial jurisdiction Dr. Andrews makes bold to say "It is agreed that the township, the village, had no court; that the court of the manor was no mere continuation of an original free folc- or mark-mót." For our part we agree, and we should be glad to think the point settled. Dr. Andrews is evidently disposed to think that manorial or rather seigniorial jurisdiction in some form is a good deal earlier than our earliest express evidence of it in the terms of charters. This, we conceive, is the conclusion that will prevail. Mr. Adams's able thesis to the contrary in *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law* was founded on examination of only one kind of evidence, and (as it happened, by an omission which can hardly be called negligent) not a complete examination of that. But the subject is too large to pursue here. Again we commend Dr. Andrews to English students as a safe and profitable guide.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.*

IN face of a threatened epidemic of cholera, the reissue of this little book, revised and brought down to the middle of the present year, is well timed. To those persons who accept Dr. R. Koch's views of the bacterial origin of the disease, its early history, and the records of its numerous migrations from its home in Lower Bengal, are of little interest, except in confirming the view, long held in England, that the disease is spread from man to man by means of his excretions, clothes, and by contaminated water, and not through the atmosphere. In spite of the opposition of Klein and Lankester, the medical profession in this country and on the Continent is more and more inclined to accept Koch's so-called "*comma*" bacillus as the specific agent which causes the pathological conditions of the body known to us as Asiatic cholera, and which Koch asserts is constant in form, is present in all cases of the disease, and exists in large quantities, and is distributed within the tissues in all true cases of the disease. Koch believes, and Mr. Macnamara agrees with him, "that the presence of this bacillus in the intestines of human beings is sufficient to produce the symptoms of cholera,

these symptoms being the result of a poison formed by the cholera bacillus in the intestines." Observation of the comma bacillus, when cultivated out of the body, shows that it is killed by a heat of 120° and by a cold of about 20° below zero, hence disinfection can be effected at a temperature below that of boiling water. As a rule the bacillus is destroyed by being free of moisture for a few days, but there is reason to believe that, if the fluid in which it was contained gradually dries on moistened woollen or cotton material, the bacillus may retain its vitality for some weeks, and if placed under favourable conditions it may develop afresh and form new centres of disease; hence the precautions required to disinfect or destroy wearing apparel. Koch believes that the cholera bacillus is destroyed by healthy gastric juice, and by many acids and many chemical substances. It thrives in milk and well-water, but quickly disappears from the drainage of cesspools; and we may gather from these particulars the best methods of prevention and the management of the symptoms to which it gives rise. By keeping the body in good health, not allowing the digestion to be disordered by the excessive use of stimulants or depressed by fear; by obtaining pure milk and pure water, or disinfecting by boiling those which are of a doubtful character; by the use of dilute mineral acid, such as sulphuric, hydrochloric, or nitric acid, both before and during the existence of the earlier symptoms of the disease; and by preventing the introduction of the germs into the stomach by infected hands, infected utensils, or infected clothing, any of us and all of us may fairly hope to escape the present epidemic should it unfortunately find its way to our shores. Its advent need not drive us out of the country or make us neglectful of our duties to those who may become its victims. Cholera is not communicated by the air or by contact. A person may rub, wash, and administer to the necessities of a person suffering from the disease without contracting it, provided the room in which the sick person lies is properly ventilated. Apart from its great fatality, Asiatic cholera is one of the most painful and distressing diseases to which mankind is liable, and its symptoms, when present, can only be properly treated by the prompt action of the medical man, and any medicine which pretends to meet all the symptoms is more likely to do harm than good, and should be avoided. Most of the remedies hitherto used were designed to treat the disease on empirical ground, and before its nature and origin were understood; and, if Koch's views are correct, the modes of treating the disease must be modified accordingly, and these methods must be left to the physician to develop. What concerns us as individuals and as a community is the prevention or limitation of the disease; and it cannot be too strongly impressed on the public that cholera is a specific disease, like typhoid or any other fevers, and that no amount of overcrowding, of famine, poverty, filth, or other insanitary conditions, can originate an epidemic, although they will favour its spread should one break out in situations where they exist. Before the disease can occur among people outside the home of the disease, its seeds must have been carried to them by persons suffering from cholera, or by articles of clothing which have been soiled by the excreta which patients have passed during their illness. In other words, living cholera germs must be planted among the inhabitants of an uninfected place before Asiatic cholera can develop among them. Such are concisely the views which are held by Mr. Macnamara and the majority of English medical men at the present day, and they are not only likely to lead to a more successful treatment of the disease in future, but they should serve to dispel much of the alarm and depression which a prospect of a visitation of cholera produces on persons who have hitherto lived in ignorance of them.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is an unquestionable combination of grace and strength in the writings of M. Paul Margueritte, and if he only had a little more definite and original grasp of incident and character, few among the younger school of French novelists would exceed him in promise. The interest of *Sur le retour* (1) is double; the two lines proceeding, so to speak, in opposite directions, yet meeting in the point indicated by the title. Colonel Count de Francoeur, a soldier approaching fifty, a bachelor, and, according to French standards, a man of rather rigid morals, falls in love with a Creole girl in her first youth, and with difficulty vanquishes the unequal passion; while his sister-in-law, herself "*sur le retour*" also, though still beautiful, loses the affection of her volatile husband, ten years the Count's junior, who falls in love with a married coquette. The position is

* *Asiatic Cholera: History up to July 1892, Causes, and Treatment.* By N. C. Macnamara. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

(1) *Sur le retour.* Par Paul Margueritte. Paris: Kolb.

not complicated, and the *dénouement* is not specially dramatic; but the handling throughout is, as we have said, at once vigorous and delicate, with none of the divergences into violence which constantly mar French vigour, and very little, if anything, of the lapses into the namby-pamby which, to an English taste, constantly mar French delicacy.

Mme. Henry Gréville's last book (2), like M. Daudet's last, is a direct charge against the present French law of divorce, and especially against the habitual evasion of that law which, if we may believe these and other painters of life, is practised. For the French law forbids the marriage of the erring wife and her lover, and this makes things very unpleasant according to the "family" ideas, which are the one thing left sacred in France. Accordingly—still if we believe our critics of life—a regular system of evasion is established whereby the husband—whose elopement is held venial by society, and is visited with fewer penalties by the law—collusively takes the position of respondent instead of that of petitioner. The institution, as we may have observed before, of a Queen's Proctor seems to be urgently necessary in France; though there is no knowing whether it would not be a mere blind in a country where public opinion has fifty times the force of law, and where *respect humain* outtops its analogue, our own Cant, by as much. The opening situation of *Chénéról* is, however, a pathetic and rather strong one; for the son of the false friend and the daughter of the false wife have formed an innocent affection for one another, and the former is just going to propose when the blow falls. But, as sometimes happens, the strength of the situation is somehow at the wrong end of the book, and the interest declines instead of advancing. The earlier part is better than anything recently done by the author, except the best parts of *Aurette*; the end is less attractive. But the character of Mme. Chénéról (*ci-devant* Mme. Villeroy) only wants a few touches to make it very effective indeed as a study of a peculiarly feminine form of selfishness. Marguerite Chénéról and her husband—a *fin de siècle*, but good-natured and by no means bad-hearted, pair, something in M. Feuillet's manner—are rather pleasing; but the heroine and her lover have a little of the usual namby-pamby attaching, as above observed, to French virtuous characters.

The longest story in the Queen of Roumania's (3) little book, that which gives it its title, is a study of a well-intentioned, but terribly limp, German Count. He loves a beautiful Italian, who is not very much better than she should be, but he marries—partly because his mother wishes it after a fashion, partly for the famous reason formulated by Leonora Galigai on her trial—an Englishwoman, who is a beauty too, who is every bit as good as she should be, who loves her husband, and has not the slightest idea of letting him go when she has got him. *La poitrine* after a certain number of years comes to the rescue of the unfortunate victim, whose wife, all for his good, has succeeded in defeating and killing her rival, and in making himself her own complete and at last unresisting slave. The story is not without pathos, but the hero is too limp. It is rather a wonder that "Carmen Sylva" did not adopt the well-worn, but here useful, plan of giving both sides of the story, and letting the wife expound her view of the situation. The remaining stories deal with districts nearer to those in which the author shares the throne, and have more local colour. If "Vengeance" depicts the character of a Roumanian vendetta truly, it can give some points to a Corsican one. The representative of one of the warring families amuses himself by cutting a pair of sandals out of one of his enemy's cattle, and ends by being upset into the river by his own sister, before whose eyes he has just cut the enemy himself, her lover, into more pieces than the cow. "Dans les Carpathes" is one of those chants of lamentation and mourning and woe, pure and simple, to which "Carmen Sylva" is greatly given. "Mareilli" and "Horia" are slight, not ill done, and apparently true tales, showing, the one how a girl falls upon her feet in foreign climes by being good; and the other how a Roumanian David killed a big bear that had meddled with his pet donkey. On the whole, the book contains rather better work than the Queen's earlier volumes.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE ancient feud between the landscape-gardener and the architect is exemplified in very interesting form by Mr. William Robinson's *Garden Design, and Architects' Gardens* (John Murray), which comprises two reviews, with illustrations, "to show by actual examples from British gardens that clipping and aligning trees to make them 'harmonize' with architecture is

barbarous, needless, and inartistic." These reviews deal with two recent publications, *The Formal Garden in England*, by Messrs. R. Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas, and Mr. J. D. Sedding's *Garden Craft, Old and New*. The reviewing of a review of a controversial kind is seldom, we think, an undertaking that promises a practical *rapprochement* of the opposing parties; but it is especially unpromising when men of ability employ terms, such as "nature" and "art," without any common agreement among themselves as to the import and interpretation of those terms. The history of landscape-gardening in England proves conclusively that there must be perfect accord between the designer of the house and the designer of the garden, or their respective works will present discordant or positively antagonistic results. So well understood was this truth that landscape-gardeners like "Capability" Brown and Repton, moved by ambition, or despairing of the other profession, turned architects; and architects like Thomas Sandby took to landscape-gardening, designing, and embellishing on a scale that might have moved Brown to envy or admiration. And of such examples of the invasion of their respective fields of labour much mischief has resulted even to this day. For, although everybody is agreed that the house and the garden should be so designed as to promote artistic harmony, the architect and the landscape-gardener are as far as ever from realizing the ideal, and working together in amity. "Are we," Mr. Blomfield asks, "in laying out our gardens to ignore the house, and to reproduce uncultivated nature to the best of our ability in the garden?" Mr. Robinson replies, "No sane person has ever proposed to ignore the house." But he proceeds to observe, "the house is often so bad that nothing can prevent its evil effect upon the garden," and he further observes, with unimpeachable truth, that "there is plenty for the architect to do without spoiling our gardens." Now it is necessary to distinguish in this matter of the "formal garden." The formal garden, or "architect's garden," of Mr. Robinson's aversion is altogether distinct from certain old examples, of which Mr. Blomfield treats, from Elizabethan times to the date of Dutch William, with their terraces, balustradings, steps, sunken plots, pleachings, clipped yew and box, and low wall of small bricks such as you see in Holland. Such old gardens are often extremely beautiful. It is conceivable that, if the architect's design and the situation were favourable, and if the architect would but condescend not to be original, but simply to reproduce such a formal garden, Mr. Robinson might not be tardy in approval, though one objection that suggests itself is the time that must elapse before this garden should have acquired the colour and tone that are among the chief charms of the old formal garden. Perhaps Mr. Robinson might accept the case suggested as an exception to the rule he would enforce against the "imitation" of the formal garden. His vigorous protest against giving up the garden ground about a house to the architect, with the view of reviving, according to architectural notions, the formal garden, would then have our unqualified sympathy.

Furze Blossoms, by Rosa Mackenzie Kettle (Fisher Unwin), is a miscellany of verse and prose, described as "Stories and Poems for all Seasons"—an ascription at once pleasing and comprehensive. And pleasant reading the book is, though the stories have neither the elaboration nor the prescribed scope of stories, but are better described as sketches. But they are graceful and expressive in style, and present within slight limits some pretty illustrations of character and incident. The verse, too, is attractive, without sentimentality, and the devotional tone of much of it is marked by sobriety and sincerity. Most of the themes of the sketches are associated with the North country, or with the Western Highlands, Callander, and the Ochil Hills.

In two stout volumes, well qualified to test the "heart" of the stout novel-reader, we have *The Deluge*, "an historical novel of Poland, Sweden, and Russia," by Henryk Sienkiewicz (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), translated by Jeremiah Curtin, who rightly speaks of the wars described by the Polish novelist in this work as complicated and significant. Not since the late James Grant undertook, in *Philip Rollo*, to carry the breathless reader through the Thirty Years' War, has a subject of such magnitude received such conscientious treatment in fiction. Indeed, Grant's book, though by no means unskilful, is a small matter in comparison, though the campaigns of the Poles described in *The Deluge* lasted but thirteen years.

There are who are sceptical as to the existence of Grub Street and regard Bohemia also as a fabulous country, although there are chroniclers of the former and those who have dwelt in the latter. Mr. Fergus Hume has collected certain papers—*When I Lived in Bohemia* (Arrowsmith)—which, we fear, will not lighten the darkness of doubters in any considerable degree, and will convince all readers of Murger that the *vie de Bohème* is greatly degenerated and decidedly dull. Here and there, at very rare

(2) *Chénéról*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Marié*. Par Carmen Sylva. Paris: Perrin.

intervals, there are passages not uncheerful in the volume, and Mr. Hallward's drawings are not without spirit; but, on the whole, we are forced to agree with Mr. Fergus Hume, who observes, "No! believe me, sir, this country is not a desirable one."

Our Trip North, by R. Menzies Fergusson (Digby, Long, & Co.), describes the experience of a party of tourists in Northern Britain as a tale that is told. It is pleasantly written and well illustrated by Messrs. Denovan Adam and Austen Brown. But Mr. Fergusson, who writes as one who loves letters and antiquities, should not spoil Hudibrastic metre and rhyme thus:—

A dark lantern of the spirit
Which none can see by, but he who bears it.

Mr. W. A. Clouston's *Some Persian Tales from Various Sources* (Glasgow: Bryce & Sons) is a small and interesting collection of Oriental fiction, of the non-supernatural kind, and forms a volume small enough to go into the waistcoat pocket. The stories, eight in number, are derived from the Persian collection, *Mahbub-al-Kalib*, and "scarce old Indian publications," none of which have been translated into any other European languages, though in other forms some of them are familiar to the general reader.

The subject of dietetics for dyspeptics is considered from an eminently practical standpoint in *Digestion and Diet*, by Dr. Thomas Dutton (Kimpton), a handbook that deals with the important matters of food and cookery with admirable good sense and in a serviceable form. Altogether, this is a very useful and liberal-minded little book.

The Year-Book of the Imperial Institute (John Murray), compiled by Mr. J. R. Fitzgerald, with a preface by Sir Frederick Abel, is a comprehensive record of statistics concerning the products, resources, and commerce of India and the Colonies, similar in its leading features to the Victorian *Year-Book*, the *Year-Book of Canada*, and other publications of the class. The work is to take an annual form, and this, the first issue, commemorates the completion of the Imperial Institute very appropriately. The information is arranged after an excellent plan, and is illustrated by numerous useful diagrams and a valuable reference map of the world.

We have also received *A Pocket Book for Miners and Metallurgists*, by Frederick D. Power, F.G.S., a manual "for field and office use" (Crosby Lockwood & Co.); *Chemical Theory for Beginners*, by Messrs. Leonard Dobbin and James Walker (Macmillan & Co.); *An English Grammar*, by S. E. Stronge, M.A., and A. R. Eagar, M.A., "for teachers and higher classes" (Sampson Low & Co.); *Inductive Coils*, a practical manual, by G. E. Bonney (Whittaker & Co.); *Memorization*, Parts I. and II. (Blackwood & Sons); *Key to "A First Latin Verse Book,"* by W. E. P. Pantin, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Ethical Songs with Music* (Fisher Unwin); *The Magistrate*, a Farce, by Arthur W. Pinero (Heinemann); 1849: a *Vindication*, by W. Ashton Ellis (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Easy Stories and Exercises in German*, by A. A. David (Longmans & Co.); *An Illustrated Map of London* (Smith & Son); *America Abroad*, a handbook for American travellers (Forster Groom), and *The Norwegian Railway and Steamer Time Tables, &c.*, a handy guide for English-speaking tourists.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

ADMISSION DAILY ONE SHILLING.

GRAND FIREWORK DISPLAY,

By Messrs. C. T. BROCK & Co., every Thursday, at Eight o'clock.

Repetition of Great Pictorial Device, representing the GRAND DURBAR AT DELHI, in 1877.

SUN LIFE OFFICE

BONUS, 1892.

The Managers have the pleasure of announcing that the profits belonging to the policy-holders for the period since last valuation (viz.: Four-and-a-half years) are again remarkably large, and amount, after making ordinary and special reserves of greatly increased stringency, to a sum of £225,850 in cash. This very satisfactory sum will be distributed amongst participating policy-holders only; and, as evidence of the successful character of the management, it may be stated that an aggregate return will thus be made of an amount actually in excess of all the loadings charged in the premiums for expenses, profits, and contingencies.

This statement, astonishing as it may appear, is nevertheless easily proved. The premiums received under participating policies during the period were £698,372, and the loadings thereon for expenses, contingencies, and providing bonuses amounted to £185,027. Now these policyholders are about to be apportioned a sum of £225,850, as stated above, in cash bonuses, which returns to them

UPWARDS OF £40,000 IN EXCESS OF THE LOADINGS IMPOSED.

For further particulars write to the Chief Office, 63 THREAD-NEEDLE STREET, E.C.

HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS,
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SHIPPING.

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THE ORIENT LINE MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above Colonies, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO. STEAMERS among the LARGEST and FASTEST afloat. High-class Cuisine, Electric Lighting, Hot and Cold Baths, Good Ventilation, and every comfort. Managers... { ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue, London. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

PLEASURE CRUISE

TO THE

MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, AND ÆGEAN SEAS.

The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large, full-powered steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,547 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on the 3rd September, for 46 days' Cruise, visiting Cadiz, Malaga, Palermo, Ancona, Venice, Cattaro, Corfu, Nauplia, Piræus (for Athens), Santorin, Malta, Gibraltar, arriving at Plymouth on the 17th October and London 18th October.

Passengers can leave London as late as the 20th September, and by travelling overland overtake the steamer at Venice.

The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine.

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Gentlemen who appreciate the luxury of a perfect-fitting SHIRT should try

TAAFFE & COLDWELL'S PERFECTA, Six for 33s. post-free.

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TO INVALIDS.—A LIST of MEDICAL MEN in all parts willing to receive RESIDENT PATIENTS, giving full particulars and terms, sent gratis. The list includes Private Asylums, &c.—Address, Mr. G. H. STOCKER, 5 Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.

THE NATIONAL SHIPWRECK DISTRESS RELIEF FUND.

"There is sorrow on the Sea."

NO SHIPWRECK or DISASTER of the SEA can occur without the promptest charitable aid being available for the shipwrecked sailor himself, or the urgent necessities of his desolate widow and orphans, &c., at the hands of the **SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN and MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY**, founded over fifty years, as the National Maritime Relief Organisation of the Empire, with about 1,000 Local Agencies.

Through this National Institution the wrecked survivors are thus instantly cared for on the spot and at once forwarded home; and the bereaved dependents of the drowned immediately sought out and helped in their need. Total relieved, 425,454 persons.

Instituted 1839; Incorporated 1859; under patronage of H.M. the Queen, and presidency of Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

FUNDS are earnestly **APPEALED** for by the Board of Management. Bankers—Williams, Descon, & Co. Secretary, W. H. BUCK, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, London, E.

SPECIAL DISASTER FUND.

This charitable fund, for further essential aid of destitute families of the drowned, is now overdrawn through the recent shipwreck disasters. Contributions to meet the pressing need will be most gratefully received by the Society, and, as usual, disbursed intact for the full benefit of the sufferers.

WEST LONDON HOSPITAL, Hammersmith Road, W.

£40,000 wherewith to increase the number of beds from 101 to at least 300, are urgently **REQUIRED** in order to adequately provide for the cases of accident and sudden illness arising in the enormous population of nearly 500,000 persons for whom this is the nearest hospital. The necessary freehold land has already been secured.

R. J. GILBERT, Secretary-Superintendent.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields, Southwark.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Upwards of 250 Blind People receive the benefits of this Charity. Candidates, totally blind, between the ages of 7 and 20, are elected by votes of Subscribers, and (free of all costs) are received for about six years, during which they are taught a trade, and to read, write, and cipher; a few having marked ability being trained as Organists. An Annual Subscription of One Guinea entitles the donor to one vote for each vacancy at all elections; Life Subscription 10 Guineas.

Bankers—Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 54 St. James's Street, S.W.

FUNDS are earnestly requested for the Junior Branch School erected at Wandsworth Common.

R. P. STICKLAND, M.A., Chaplain and Secretary.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.
President—LORD ABERDARE, G.C.B.

1,815 children have been rescued from infamous dens.

8,093 are in industrial homes, to which grants have been made.

7,750 children have been aided by the Boys' Boodle.

Particulars of how the children have been rescued by the other officers of the Children's Aid Society will be sent on application.

An Emigration Agency, with a reception house at Winnipeg, Manitoba, is maintained for the reception of the children in institutions connected with the Society. **FUNDS** are urgently **NEEDED**.

Bankers—Messrs. Barclay, Ransom, & Co., 1 Pall Mall East, S.W.

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SPECIAL CLASSES are held in the subjects required for the **PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC and the INTERMEDIATE M.B. (London) EXAMINATIONS.**

Fee for the whole Course, 10 Guineas.

A **SPECIAL CLASS** is also held for the **Primary F.R.C.S. Examination.**

These Classes will commence in October, and are not confined to Students of the Hospital.

MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

LECTURES in HISTORY and POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The **COUNCIL** is prepared to **APPOINT** a **LECTURER** in **HISTORY and POLITICAL ECONOMY.** The stipend of the Lecturer will be £200 per annum. Applications, together with printed copies of testimonials and references, should be sent in on or before September 30.

For further information apply to

Cardiff, August 9, 1892.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

DEMONSTRATOR and ASSISTANT LECTURER in BIOLOGY.

The **COUNCIL** is prepared to **APPOINT** a **DEMONSTRATOR and ASSISTANT LECTURER** in **BIOLOGY**, at a stipend of £150 per annum. It is necessary that candidates should have a special knowledge of Botany. Applications, together with printed copies of testimonials and references, should be sent in on or before September 30. For further information apply to

Cardiff, August 9, 1892.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The **WINTER SESSION** will begin on Monday, October 5, 1892. Students can reside in the College, within the Hospital walls, subject to the collegiate regulations.

For further particulars, apply personally or by letter to the **WARDEN** of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

SESSION 1892-3.

The **SESSIONAL COURSE of INSTRUCTION** will commence on **WEDNESDAY, October 5.** The Chair will be taken by **Veterinary-Colonel LAMBERT, C.B.** and the **INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS** delivered by **Professor McFADYEAN, B.Sc., F.R.S.E.** at One P.M.

Lectures, Clinical and Pathological Demonstrations, and General Instruction are given on the **Comparative Pathology and Diseases of the Horse and other Domestic Animals**, including **Epizootics, Parasites, and Parasitic Affections**; also on **Bacteriology, Physiology, Histology, Chemistry (General and Practical), Materia Medica, Toxicology, Botany, Therapeutics, and Pharmacy, Hospital Practice, Obstetrics, Operative Surgery, the Principles and Practice of Shoeing, &c.**

Students are required to attend **Three Complete Seasonal Courses of Instruction** before being eligible for examination for the **Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.** The **College Entrance Fee** of **Sixty Guineas**, payable as a whole or in the following proportions: **Twenty Guineas** on entry, **Twenty Guineas** at the end of the first period of Study, and **Twenty Guineas** at the end of the second period of Study, confers the right of attendance on all the Lectures and Collegiate Instruction during the prescribed terms of Study.

The **Matriculation Examination** will be held at the **ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.** on **Wednesday and Thursday, September 25 and 26, at Ten A.M.** Candidates must attend on **Tuesday, 27th**, for the purpose of paying the fees.

A **Scholarship** of **£25** per annum, tenable for two years, dating from **October 1892**, will be awarded at the close of the **Summer Term of 1893**; and an additional **Scholarship** of the same amount in each succeeding year. A "**Centenary**" **Scholarship**, of the value of **£21**, will also be awarded annually.

Medals and Certificates of Merit are awarded, in addition to the **Coleman Prize Medals** and **Certificates**.

Class Prizes are given in each division of the Student's studies.

Certificates of Distinction are likewise conferred on Students who pass a superior examination for the **Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.**

A **Prospectus** containing the **Rules and Regulations** of the College, and copies of the **Matriculation Examination Papers** set last Session, will be forwarded on application to the Secretary.

RICHARD A. N. POWYS,

Secretary.

August 1892.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, HEIDELBERG.

Thorough **PREPARATION** of Candidates for **ARMY** and other **EXAMINATIONS**, also for **COMMERCIAL LIFE.** Special attention to **French and German**, with commercial correspondence. **Chemical Laboratory.**

"RECENT SUCCESSES."

Within the past few years the pupils of the College have gained the following successes direct from **Heidelberg College**—

Woolwich Entrance, December 1891, First.

Sandhurst Final, December 1890, Third.

India Civil Service, June 1890, Sixth.

Dr. A. HOLZBERG at present in London.—Address, Craven Hotel, Craven Street, Str. &.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS.

Four **Scholarships** and One **Exhibition**, respectively worth **£150, £75, £75, £50, and £30** each, tenable for one year, will be competed for in **September 1892**—viz., One **Senior Open Scholarship** of the value of **£75** will be awarded to the best candidate (if of sufficient merit) in **Physics and Chemistry**. One **Senior Open Scholarship** of the value of **£75** will be awarded to the best candidate (if of sufficient merit) in **Biology and Physiology**.

Candidates for these Scholarships must be under twenty-five years of age, and must not have entered to the **Medical and Surgical Practice** of any **London Medical School**.

One **Junior Open Scholarship** in **Science**, value **£150**, and one **Preliminary Scientific Exhibition**, value **£50**, will be awarded to the best candidates under twenty years of age (if of sufficient merit) in **Physics, Chemistry, Botany, and Biology**. The questions for the **Scholarship of £150** will be of about the range required for Honours in the **London University Preliminary Scientific Examination**, and those for the **Preliminary Scientific Exhibition** will be of about the range of the past questions in that examination. The **Jefferson Exhibition** will be of the same value as the **Scholarship of £150**, and will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Numerous **Scholarships and Prizes** are given annually.

Fees.—120 Guineas in one payment, or 130 Guineas by instalments. A reduction of 15 Guineas is allowed to the Sons of Members of the Profession.

The **Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, East London, and South-Eastern Railway Stations** are close to the Hospital and College.

For further information apply, personally or by letter, to the **Warden** of the College, **St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.**

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The **WINTER SESSION** will commence on **Monday, October 3.**

The Hospital is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, and contains nearly 800 beds. Number of in-patients last year, 9,655; out-patients, 112,092; accident cases, 16,546.

Surgical operations daily. Major operations in 1891, 1,144.

APPOINTMENTS.—Resident Accompanist, House or Physicians, House Surgeons, &c. Forty of these appointments are made annually. Numerous **Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-mortem Clerks, and Maternity Assistants** are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

SCHOLARSHIPS and PRIZES.—Two **Entrance Science Scholarships**, value **£75** and **£50**, and two **Buxton Scholarships**, value **£20** and **£20**, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Numerous **Scholarships and Prizes** are given annually.

Fees.—120 Guineas in one payment, or 130 Guineas by instalments. A reduction of 15 Guineas is allowed to the Sons of Members of the Profession.

The **Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, East London, and South-Eastern Railway Stations** are close to the Hospital and College.

For further information apply, personally or by letter, to

Mr. End, E.

MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
CAXTON STREET, S.W.

The **WINTER SESSION** will commence on **October 3.**

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by **Dr. MERCIER**, at 4 P.M., followed by **Distribution of Prizes** by **Sir ALBERT K. HOLLIS, M.P.**

TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value **£50** and **£40**, and one of **£30** for **Dental Students** on Examination, September 30 and 31.

FEES.—£115 in one sum on Entrance, or £120 in two payments, or in six payments of £20 and £17 alternately. Special fees for partial and Dental Students.

The Hospital has a service of over 300 beds, and the usual special departments.

Special Classes for the "**PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC**" and "**INTERMEDIATE M.B. EXAMINATIONS of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON**, and for the **First F.R.C.S. Examination.**

The **New Prospectus** shows fully the changes which have been made in the instruction given at the School and Hospital to meet the requirements of the new (five years') curriculum.

Prospectus and all information on application to

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THIRTY-THIRD SESSION, 1892-93.

Education of the highest class for Ladies by **Tutorial Instruction, Private Lessons, and University Lectures and Classes** in the **Art and Scientific Collections of the Crystal Palace** being utilized for **Practical Education.**

Faculties of **Fine Arts, Letters, Music, &c.** Distinguished Instructors.

There is a **JUNIOR SECTION**, with inclusive fee.

Particulars in the **Library**, next **Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.**

THE SCHOOL of PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.

NEXT TERM OPENS Monday, September 5.

I. MECHANICAL COURSE. II. **CIVIL ENGINEERING SECTION.**

III. AERONAUTICAL DIVISION. For preliminary **Practical Training** of Young Men for **Colonial Life.**

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, MARINE and MINING DIVISIONS.

Prospectus of the undersigned, in the **Library**, next **Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.**

F. W. J. SHENFON, F.R. Hist. S.,

Superintendent Educational Department.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

PADDINGTON, W.

The WINTER SESSION BEGINS on October 3, with an Introductory Address at 4 P.M. by Dr. LUFF.

The Annual Dinner will be held about the middle of October, on the same day as the laying of the FOUNDATION STONE of the "CLARENCE MEMORIAL WING," by their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. The exact date will be duly announced. Mr. H. W. PAGE in the Chair.

HOSPITAL STAFF AND LECTURERS.

Consulting Physician—Sir EDWARD RIEVEKING.

" Surgeon—Mr. H. SPENCER SMITH.

" Physician Accoucheur—Dr. BRAXTON HICKS, F.R.S.

" Dental Surgeon—Mr. HOWARD HAYWARD.

Physicians—Dr. BROADBENT, Dr. CHEADLE, Dr. LEES.

" To Out-Patients—Dr. PHILLIPS, Dr. MAGUIRE, Dr. LUFF.

Surgeons—Mr. NORTON, Mr. OWEN, Mr. PAGE.

" To Out-Patients—Mr. PEPPER, Mr. SILCOX, Mr. J. E. LANE.

Physician Accoucheur—Dr. MONTAGUE HANDFIELD-JONES.

Ophthalmic Surgeon—Mr. CRITCHETT and Mr. JULES.

Aural Surgeon—Mr. FIELD.

Surgeon to the Skin Department—Mr. MALCOLM MORRIS.

Surgeon Dentist—Mr. MORTON SMALE.

Physician to the Throat Department—Dr. SPICER.

Anaesthetist—Mr. HENRY DAVIS.

Mental Diseases—Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE, F.R.S.

Physiology—Dr. WALLER, F.R.S.

Chemistry—Dr. ALDER WRIGHT, F.R.S., and Mr. LEON, B.Sc.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

One of £105 } will be awarded by Examination on September 26 and 27.

*Two of £50 10s. }

[* Two of which are specially open to Students from Oxford and Cambridge.]

Numerous CLASS PRIZES and SCHOLARSHIPS are given by competition at the end of each year; and there are, moreover, annually Sixteen Resident Medical and Surgical Appointments in the Hospital, open to Students without expense or charge. There is daily Clinical teaching by the Physicians and Surgeons. Frequent Classes are also held by the Medical, Surgical, and Obstetric Tutors. The School provides complete preparation for the higher Examinations and Degrees of the Universities.

The Residential College is at present at 23 and 25 Westbourne Terrace, W. Students received at a charge of £60 for the Academic year. Warden, E. W. ROUGHTON, M.D. and B.S. Lond., F.R.C.S.

THE CLARENCE MEMORIAL WING

will contain

(1) A NEW OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT.

(2) LIVING-IN WARD.—St. Mary's is the only London General Hospital making provision for the reception of Living-in Women as In-Patients.

(3) A RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE for Medical Officers and Students. The latter will then be close to their work and more directly under the influence of the Medical School.

(4) ADDITIONAL SPECIAL WARDS.

(5) A NURSES' HOME.

This will add 100 Beds to the Hospital, making 381 in all, at an estimated cost of £100,000.

The Prospectus may be had on application to Mr. F. H. MAIDEN, the School Secretary.

G. F. FIELD, Esq.

A. P. LUFF, M.D., Sub-Dean.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Saturday, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. R. L. BOWLES, at 4 P.M.

The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—

1. A SCHOLARSHIP, valued £15, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School as bona fide first-year students during the current year.

2. TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, each of £50, open to all students commencing their studies.

3. TWO SCHOLARSHIPS valued £50, for students who, having been signed up for or previously passed the Oxford and M.B. or the Cambridge 2nd M.B., have entered the School during the current year.

The following Exhibitions and Prizes are also open to students:—

The William Brown £100 Exhibition; the William Brown £40 Exhibition; the Brackenbury Prize in Medicine, value £25; the Brackenbury Prize in Surgery, value £25; the Pollock Prize in Physiology, value £15; the Johnson Prize in Anatomy, value £10 10s.; the Treasurer's Prize, value £10 10s.; General Proficiency Prizes for first, second, and third year students, of £10 10s. each; the Brodie Prize in Surgery; the Acland Prize in Medicine; the Thompson Medal, and Sir Charles Clendinning.

All Hospital appointments, including the four House Physicianships and four House Surgeonships, are awarded as the result of competition, and are open to the students without additional expense of any kind.

Clerkships and Dresserships, and all the minor appointments, are given without extra fees. Several paid appointments, including that of Obstetricist, are given with salary of £100 and board and lodging, are awarded yearly upon the recommendation of the Medical School Committee.

Prospectuses and fuller details may be obtained by application to

THOMAS WHIPHAM, M.D., Dean.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The WINTER SESSION BEGINS on Monday, October 3.

The Hospital contains 600 beds, of which 500 are in constant occupation. Special Classes are held for the M.B. Camb. and Lond., the F.R.C.S. Eng., and other Higher Examinations.

APPOINTMENTS.—All Hospital Appointments are made in accordance with the merits of the Candidates, and without extra payment.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS in September 1892.—Two Open Scholarships in Arts, one of the value of 100 Guineas, open to Candidates under twenty years of age; and one of 50 Guineas, open to Candidates under twenty-five years of age. Two Open Scholarships in Science, one of the value of 125 Guineas, and another of 50 Guineas, open to Candidates under twenty-five years of age.

PRIZES are awarded annually to Students in their various years amounting in the aggregate to more than £400.

DENTAL SCHOOL.—A Dental School attached to the Hospital affords to Students all the instruction required for a Licence in Dental Surgery.

COLLEGE.—The Residential College accommodates about 50 Students in addition to the Resident Staff of the Hospital. There is in it a large Dining Hall, with Reading Rooms, Library, and Gymnasium for the use of the STUDENTS' CLUB.

For Prospectus and further information apply to the Dean, Dr. PERRY, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The WINTER SESSION, will COMMENCE on Monday, October 3.

ONE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIP, of the value of 100 Guineas, and TWO of 50 Guineas, are awarded annually; also many other Scholarships, Medals, and Prizes.

FEES.—For the five years' curriculum of study required by the various Examining Bodies and for Hospital Practice, 110 guineas in one sum, or 121 guineas in five instalments.

The composition fee for Dental Students is 54 Guineas, or 60 Guineas, payable in two instalments of 30 Guineas each.

A proportionate reduction of the above fees will be made to those students who have completed part of the curriculum elsewhere.

Charing Cross Hospital is within three minutes' walk of the Dental Hospital of London, and the hours of Lectures are arranged to suit the convenience of Dental Students.

The New Laboratories and Museums are now complete.

The Hospital and School are situated within two minutes of Charing-Cross Stations, S.E. and District Railways.

A Prospectus, containing all information, will be forwarded on application to the Secretary, Mr. J. FRANCIS PREE, at the Office of the School, 61 to 63 Chandos Street, Charing Cross, between the hours of Ten and Four.

STANLEY BOYD, Dean.

LAUSANNE.—ARMY PREPARATION, with thorough French and German. Successful Coach for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and other Exams. List of successes sent. Terms moderate. Numbers limited.—Address, M.A., Orillans & Co., 28 Conduit Street, W.

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